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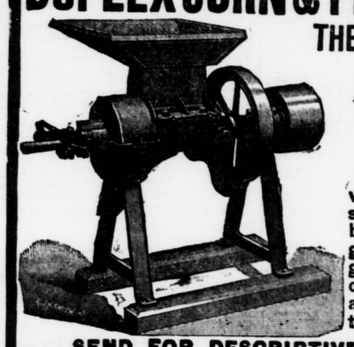
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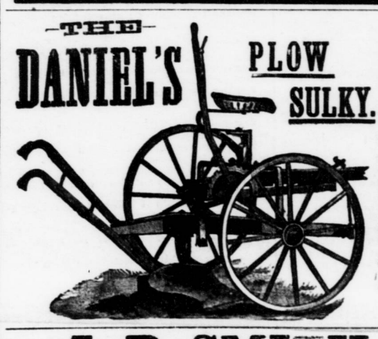
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"BOBBLES."

A Half-Witted Boy Who Became a Hero.

The cannon-ball fast mail train, westbound, slowed up at the little station, and two figures appeared on the rear platform of the last coach. One was Hamilton, the conductor, dubbed the "Duke" by the rolling-stock men, on account of his dignified carriage and over-bearing ways. The other was a hulking, over-grown boy, with a vacant, almost expressionless face, and light hair.

'Come, hurry up and pile off!' commanded the "Duke."

'Huh?' interrogated the other, stupidly, accelerating his movements not one whit.

Instead of repeating the command the conductor dealt the slow one an energetic kick in the rear that sent him tumbling off the steps, to land a blubbering heap, face downward, in the soft Kansas mud.

'Next time learn not to dead beat your way,' remarked the "Duke," grimly, as the train moved on again.

No answer, except a subdued howl, came from the fallen one. A few moments later the train disappeared through the red clay cut.

'Ow, wow!' the fallen boy wailed in a low, complaining howl. He made no attempt to rise, but rolled slowly over in the mud, muttering and moaning to himself like a great baby.

'Hello, there, partner!' called the station agent, a jolly, care-for-naught looking young fellow.

'Huh?' answered the prostrate boy, blinking in owlish astonishment at the other.

'Come, jump up,' called the agent, 'you're all over mud.'

'He kicked me!' moaned the lad, without making the slightest attempt to rise.

'So I saw; but he didn't break any bones. So, get up.'

'He kicked me!' repeated the boy, mournfully.

'Well, what if he did? That don't force you to wallow in the mud like a hog. Jump up and stop your sniveling. Get up, or I'll kick you, too!'

The boy clumsily struggled to his feet.

'Are you hungry?' the station agent asked.

The boy's dull eyes brightened. 'You bet!' he answered, promptly, wholly forgetting to mention again the fact that the conductor had kicked him.

He was soon seated at the table in the agent's private 'den,' partitioned off at one end of the little depot. 'What is your name and where did you drop from?' asked Jack Holliday, the agent, as he regarded the other curiously.

The visitor paused long enough in the midst of the pleasing operation of satisfying the inner may to reply, mumblingly:

'Bobbles, and—he kicked me!'

Without replying to the latter part of the information, so complainingly given, Jack Holliday remarked:

'Bobbles! Well, that's a queer name, upon my word. Bobbles what?'

'Nuthin' 'cept Bobbles, the idiot,' the boy answered slowly. 'Least ways that's what the boys say when they call me anything 'sides Bobbles. I don't like them boys, no how,' he added. 'They kick me, too!'

'You seem to be the unfortunate recipient of many kicks. Where did you come from?'

'Dunno,' the boy answered slowly. 'Most ten hundred thousan' miles. The boys chased me an' kicked me all the time an' I run away from 'em, so I did. Haint goin' back no more,' he added, with a determined shake of his white head.

'Them boys was allus a kickin' me.' More Jack could not learn from the boy. He did not know his name and could not remember where his home had been.

Lonesome, kind-hearted Jack Holliday allowed him to remain, and soon grew quite fond of the simple lad.

As Bobbles' shyness wore off he showed signs of greater mental as well as physical activity and assisted Jack in many ways. He soon learned to cook, and took great pride in being master of the culinary department.

Jack found out that at one time the boy had been able to read and write, and under Jack's constant tutorage, Bobbles presently regained that portion of his lost knowledge. The boy grew to regard Jack much in the same manner that a faithful dog regards his kind master. Often, for hours at a time, while the station agent attended to his duties or sat comfortably reading and smoking, the idiot boy would sit crouchingly on his stool and regard Jack with a grave, unwavering stare.

'Why do you look at me in that manner?' Jack asked one day.

'Dunno,' Bobbles answered. 'Sometimes it seems as if I was tryin' to think 'bout some body I can't just remember.'

Then, as a thought seemed to strike him, he added:

'I'm a idiot, haint I Jack?'

'No,' answered the other, with careful consideration for the foolish one's feelings.

'Yes I be. Ever'body ust to say so. They was allus a-kickin' me fer bein' one. Do folks allus kick idiots? They can't help bein' that way, can they Jack?'

'Hush, Bobbles" answered Jack, soothingly.

'But I want to know,' the boy persisted, with a pathetic pleading in his voice. 'Why don't you kick me, too, Jack?'

'Why don't I? Bobbles, Because Bobbles, you have enough misfortune to bear without that.'

Bobbles did not seem to understand, but he beamed upon Jack with a smile of positive kindness.

'Jack,' he said, 'I like you.'

The station was a lonely one and there was not a house in sight. Off to the opposite side of the great mound lay brown wheat fields, and just after harvest much of the grain was shipped from Jack's little station. At other times the business done there amounted to almost nothing, and the trains seldom stopped unless flagged. Every few days one of themail clerks dropped off a little, square perfumed envelope as the train whizzed past. On the return trip the same clerk was always on the look-out to reach a friendly hand for the answering letter, addressed to a dear little maid in an Eastern village.

'Hoo! love letters!' grinned Bobbles. 'I usto carry 'em for Miss Allie. She allus give me a dime for it. Had to be mighty sly, I tell ye. Jest as sure as them boys found I had a letter an' a dime they'd take the money from me, an' kick me if I didn't hurry off to the post office with the letter. 'Oh!' he added, with an inflection that was intended to convey volumes, 'them was awful boys' they was allus kickin' me for sumpin.' he said plaintively.

In a little Eastern village dwelt the blue-eyed, flower-faced girl with whom Jack Holiday had been a playmate in the long ago time.

When young Jack left for the West—as many a brave-hearted fellow had done before—to seek his fortune, little Alice Hale had bade him a tearful farewell at the old weather-beaten gate, in the shade of the drooping elm tree.

Just now as he wrote, Jack seemed to see again the sweet, tear-wet face, and to inhale once more the perfume of the odorous, blossomed-ladened lilacs.

There had been no formal declaration of love, but each read the heart of the other and Jack knew that little Alice would wait for him till fortune smiled upon him.

His meager salary, carefully saved had been judiciously invested in land, and had accumulated the nucleus of a little fortune. At the base of the great round-topped mound which was partly on his tract of land, a coal mine had been discovered. Already Eastern capitalists had made him an offer for it, and it was understood that, should he desire to part with it, the railroad company would take it off his hands at a goodly advance. Taking all things into consideration, he felt himself justified in writing to Alice and telling her his love in terms as strong as could be expressed by soulless pen and paper.

He smiled softly to himself as he wrote and pictured the sweet face of the recipient Somehow the prairie breeze, that blew in at the red-cafed window, seemed laddened with the perfume of lilacs. The "click-click" of the telegraph sounders seemed half-changed to the buzz of the bumble-bees that droned lazily around the fragrant old-fashioned flowers beneath that old drooping elm. And, seeing his friend in a happy mood, the idiot boy laughed aloud, he knewnot why. Bobbles made little progress after learning to read. Arithmetic was a sealed book to him, and geography was a deep dark mystery. Patiently Jack labored to teach him telegraphy, but the task seemed a hopeless one. He learned readily enough, and apparently forgot just as speedily.

Bobbles would apparently memorize the dots and dashes that go to make up the Morse code. He would sound them correctly on the key, and immediately, to all appearance, forgot all about the imports of dots and dashes.

'I'm afraid you are a hopeless case,' Jack said one day when almost ready to give up in despair.

'Reckon I am,' returned Bobbles, grinning philosophically. 'Old Joe usto say so. Said hopeless idiot 'stead of hopeless case.

'Spect he knowed, too, for he was awful old; most a million, I guess.'

'Feel of my head,' he said suddenly bending his white-thatched pate for Jack's inspection.

'Feel that dent?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I wan't allus a idiot. Old Joe said so. He knowed for he was worth most a million, he was.'

Jack mused. There was certainly a 'dent,' as Bobbles called it, in his head. A blow of some kind had caused it probably. It seemed to him that a small piece of the skull was pressed down upon the brain. Maybe this was the cause of the lad's idiocy. If removed, or rather lifted by a physician, might not it restore the boy's lost intelligence? Jack had read of such cases and mentally resolved to have the experiment tried as soon as the coal mine 'paid out,' as the saying is.

The days passed into weeks and the weeks to a month; the month grew old, wanned and died. The next was fast slipping away into the past, and still no answer came to the tender letter that Jack had sent to little Alice Hale, like a bark freighted with a precious cargo of the hearts warmest love.

Jack's face constantly wore a worried appearance. The cannon-ball fast mail train daily rushed by the little station as of yore, but no little square envelopes were tossed off by the mail clerk.

Every day Jack's question of, 'Any letter?' would be answered by a positive Noap!' from Bobbles, who was always on the platform when the cannon-ball rushed by. Bobbles, the innocent, was always there to wave his hand in glad recognition of Engineer Billy Parker or Mike Walsh, the fireman, and to shake his fist at Hamilton, the conductor, whose kicking was still fresh in Bobbles' memory. Jack grew pale and his jolly smile became a rarity. No letter. That meant, he sorrowfully concluded, that she had not been true to her half-spoken vow. And at the thought Jack sadly bent his head, and Bobbles, ever watchful, saw a tear drop from betwen the station agent's fingers as he covered his face with hands.

'Hoo!' exclaimed the lad. 'What you a-cryin' for?'

Then he added, as a thought seemed to strike him: 'Somebody b'en kickin' you?'

'Yes,' answered Jack slowly. 'Somebody has kicked me very close to the heart.'

Bobbles stared in owlish wonder. 'Don't you think you're pretty big to cry about it?' he said presently.

Then they sat for a long time listening to the approach of the storm, that for two hours had been muttering off to the eastward. It had evidently been a tempest, a cyclone perhaps, off there; but now its power was somewhat spent. Still the lightning that accompanied it was often almost blinding in its intensity.

Presently the storm broke, and the thunder roared and crashed as is seldom heard any where but upon the Western plains. The air seemed surcharged with electricity, and often there were little points of electric fire dancing and snapping on the instruments. 'Hoo!' cackled Bobbles, 'most as good as Fourth of July.' Then, while the storm was at its height, there came a hurried, nervous rattling of the sounder.

'Number 8 is calling us!' Jack cried, and sprang to the key. He answered the call, and a moment later the sounder began to click frantically. Jack grasped a pen and blank. He had but rapidly jotted down five words as the sounder clicked them off when there came a blinding flash of lightning, accompanied instantly by a deafening crash of thunder. The bolt seemed to have exploded in the room, and the flash momentarily blinded Bobbles. Without a sound Jack fell forward. One hand dropped across the sounder and hushed the clicking of the instrument. Bobbles sprang forward and raising Jack half-dragged and half-carried him to the couch at the opposite side of the room.

As quick as liberated the sounder began again its frantic clicking. Like a flash the purport of the many lessons in telegraphy Jack had laboriously beaten into his silly head, and he had immediately forgotten, seemed to dawn upon Bobbles, and clearly he read the ticking of the instrument. "Washed out" were the last words of the hurried message. Then came the sound-signature of the operator at Station Number 8, ten miles to the east and just acoss Big Rock Creek.

With all th confidence of an experienced operator the boy placed his fingers on the few words Jack had penned.

'At all hazards hold Number——' That was all. There the break had come.

Carefully the boy moved the little switch and slowly clicked off the words:

'Struck by lightning. Go on four 'number.''

He waited with bated breath. In a moment the answer began to tick, and he wrote it as it came. The complete message read:

'At all hazards hold Number 3. Rock Creek baldge just washed out.'

Number Three! That was the cannon-ball fast mail train! In the roar of the storm and the excitement of events Bobbles had not heard the approach of the train; but now, as he wheeled in his chair, the engine dashed past the door, and through the storm he saw the jolly face of Mike Walsh, the fireman. He rushed out upon the platform. Three-fourths of the train had dashed past as he reached the edge of the planks, and the steps of the last coach came even with him. All the strength of his muscles was taxed to the utmost as he leaped forward and clutched the rail with one hand.

The force of the train jerked him almost into a horizontal position, and it seemed as if his wrist would part with the enormous strain. He strove to grasp the rail with other hand but failed.

Conductor Hamilton, who happened to be close to one of the rear windows, saw the apparently insane act of the boy, and rushed angrily out on the platform.

'Get off——' he roared.

'For God's sake hold the train!' the boy screamed in an agony of desperation. 'Rock Creek bridge is——'

Then he was jerked from his hold and went whirling heels over head on the stone balasted track.

It was but the work of an instant for the 'Duke' to jerk the bell-cord. Soon, with a grinding, a diminishing roar and a hiss of the air brakes, the train came to a stop. Hamilton rushed back along the track—past Bobbles, who lay unconscious between the rails, and into the depot.

As his eyes fell upon the warning message penned on the blank his usually red face grew white.

Kind hands bore Bobbles into the little station, where he was laid beside Jack on the couch. When the cannon-ball left, backing westward, toward the division station, a little stack of silver and bills—a present from the grateful passengers—lay beside the still unconscious Bobbles.

Jack, still dazed and stupid, sat presently in the worn office-chair and stared in dull amazement at Bobbles, the money, and the telegram, begun in his own hand and finished in another. The puzzle was too much for his sorely aching head, and he shook that member stupidly and gave up in despair.

A few days later, when Bobbles had recovered enough to be able to talk a little, and was lying on the couch, with a broad white cloth bound around his broken head, there came an interruption that sadly interfered with Jack's pastime of listening to the messages as they went clicking by. Instead of passing at the top of its speed as usual, the cannon-ball fast mail train, this time west-bound, stopped at the small platform for an instant. Then, as a dainty little figure descended and tripped into the depot, to be instantly clasped in Jack's arms, the train moved on again. Had any one been looking out of the depot he might have seen smiles of satisfaction on the faces of the grimy pair—Billy Parker and Mike Walsh—while the mail clerk grinned in a congratulatory manner, and even Hamilton deigned to smile benignly.

The little figure was Alice Hale. As her lover had not come to her, after writing in such terms of love, and receiving' as she supposed, her answer, she had come to the conclusion that he was ill, perhaps dying, and had come to him.

'But, I never received the letter,' he said, after the first 'flurry' was over and they could talk rationally.

'Letter,' piped Bobbles, raising his white-bound head. 'I remember now. You did not ask me that day if there was any letter for you an' I forgot it. It's back of the old bills in the middle pigeon-hole.'

It was speedily rescued from its long concealment.

'Put it there so's I wouldn' lose it an' forgot,' chirped Bobbles, how—'

The girl sprang to the side of the boy.

'Why, you dear old Bobbles Carey, what are you doing here?' she cried. 'The entire neighborhood gave you up for dead long ago. Your parents searched for you everywhere and then gave you up as the rest had done.'

'I run away from the boys that was allus a-kickin' me,' Bobbles explained, cheerfully.

'Many were the letters to you that Bobbles used to mail for me,' Alice said.

'So this is the Miss Allie you spoke of,' Jack remarked, turning to the lad.

'You bet!' Bobbles answered, emphatically. 'She's good,' he added, presently; 'she never kicked me.'

Hamilton, the conductor, lost one trip and wasted a good deal of time to inform the superintendent of the circumstances of the train-saving A day later a physician, whose fame extended throughout several states, arrived at the little station in company with a nurse, a motherly, middle-aged woman.

There were days of suffering for Bobbles, and a delicate and dangerous operation. Then science triumphed. The depressing fragment of skull was lifted from Bobbles' brain and he was restored to perfect intelligence.

Then later a white-haired minister came to the little station, and the cannon-ball train made a stop of fifteen minutes.

The superintendent was there, and he and Hamilton, Billy Parker, Mike Walsh, the mail clerk, a number of passengers and Bobbles were witnesses of the impressive ceremony that made Jack Holliday and Alice Hale man and wife. Then the superintendent placed a stranger in charge of the little depot, hudled Jack, Alice, Bobbles and the rest on to the train, and the wedding trip of the happy couple began.

The coal mine was afterwards sold to the railroad company for a goodly sum, and is making money for them. Jack occupies a good position in the employ of the railroad company and will be the superintendent before many more years roll over his head.

Bobbles is one of the family, and no one would ever suspect the bright, intellectual boy had ever been called an 'idiot.

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'Now, young gentlemen, we will devote this morning to the consideration of the language of one of the most remarkable nations of antiquity, namely, The United States of America. The English tongue, which has long since become a dead language, was used among the people of this curious land. Mr. X——, please read the sentence upon the blackboard.'

The student addressed arose and repeated:

'Let her go, Gallagher!'

'Correct,' said the professor. 'This is one of the most classic phrases of antiquity. It is of a celebrity second only to the famous *veni vidi vici* of the Romans. 'Let her go, Gallagher,' was an invocation employed by the citizens of the republic on all occasions of public importance or private peril. Gallagher is presumed to have been a National deity, and the words 'let her go' are doubtless, an exhortation implying resignation to Gallagher's will or a petition for his intercession. The phrase is now placed on our coins and embodied in our National arms, the same as *E pluribus unum* appeared on the shield of the United States.'

'Doctor, in reading the works of the classic American authors, like Bill Nye, Josh Billings and Bob Burdette, I come across the expressions: 'You can't kid me,' 'He's a fly kid, and the like. What signifies the expletive kid?'

'The expression *kid*, in its most liberal sense, replied the professor, implies self-sacrifice on the part of the person addressed. I kid, thou kiddest, he kids. It is difficult to render into our tongue, but you may understand its meaning when I say, in general terms, that the Americans used the expression to intimate their appreciation of any favor of kindness. Thus, when one citizen said to another, 'You're kidding,' he expressed his gratitude for a kindness rendered. It's a very classical expression.'

When the students had written this wisdom in their note-books. 'To-morrow, gentlemen,' said the professor, 'we will consider the social customs of the Americans. Good day.—*Tid-Bits.*

Ventilation.

If two persons are to occupy a sleeping room together for a night, let them be weighed upon retiring, and then again in the morning, and they will find that the actual weight is at least one pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than a pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter which has gone off from the body, partly through the lungs and partly through the pores in the skin. The escape material is carbonic acid gas and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air in part, and in part absorbed by the bed-clothes. If a single ounce of wood or cotton be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can be but an ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half haur during the night, the air will be continously saturated with smoke unless there is an outlet for it. Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed are far less dangerous or poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping, for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damps odor from the body are absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the entire body.

Nothing stronger can be said to prove the necessity for ventilation in bedrooms, and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets and mattresses in the morning before putting them into the form of a neatly-made bed. Children more than any others suffer from bad air. The restless tossing and muttering, the disturbed sleep, all give strongest evidences of the effects of bad air. This is further confirmed by the dull eye, stupid expression, languid movements, and unrefreshed feeling which are visible in the morning. Every house should be well ventilated, the body sufficiently covered with warm suitable clothing, and be sure the sleep will be sound and refreshing and will be manifested in the bright eye and vigorous growth and action.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3RD, 1887.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
J. ROSS THOMPSON.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
B J. McGRANN.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
JOHN GROVE, of Gregg township.

FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN NOLL, of Bellefonte.

FOR TREASURER,
JAMES KIMPORT, of Harris township.

FOR REGISTER,
JOHN A. RUPP, of College township.

FOR RECORDER,
W. GALER MORRISON, of Worth twp.

FOR COMMISSIONERS,
A. J. GRIEST, of Unionville,
M. S. FIEDLER, of Haines township.

FOR AUDITORS,
W. A. KRISE, Gregg township.
H. A. McKEE, Spring township.

DEMOCRATS, get out the vote and the day will be ours.

DON'T stop with going to the polls yourself on next Tuesday, but make sure that your fellow Democrats get there likewise.

WATCH the Democratic tickets with the names of Republican candidates printed on. The county is flooded with them. Vote straight.

WORK and remember that votes don't count unless they are deposited in the in the ballot box. Democrats should work from now on until the election day for the sucess of every man nominated. Make sure that not only your vote is cast without a scratch, but see that your Democratic neighbors do the same thing.

As to voting for associate judge we should think the voters of this county would have enough republican judges on the bench now, without wishing to place another one there, in the person of Rhoads, who,so to say,lives in Judge Furst's back yard and dances just as the President judge whistles. Vote for John Grove,who is able to for man independent opinion, unbiased by outside influences and who will stand his ground when in the right.

VOTE for John Noll, the mason and veteran soldier. He is a candidate picked from the laboring classes and he will make a sheriff who will be a credit to his office and the county. Most of you know and have spoken to Mr Noll and we are sure you have found him a manly man. Democrats should repudiate the despicable effor's of the opposition party to defeat our man and give John Noll a rousing majority.

CAST your vote for John A.Ruppfor Register and you can rest assured that the office will fall in good hands. Rupp possesses the necessary qualifications to perform the duties of that office satisfactorily, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. He deserves the hearty support of his fellow democrats and will be elected by a good round majority.

THERE couldn't be a man found who is better adapted for the office of county treasurer than James Kimport. the democratic candidate. Honest to the marrow, intelligent and practical, common and obliging to all. He has always supported the Democratic party, in fact is a consistent adherent of it, and is inevery way worthy of your support. Let us roll up his majority o a figure that will sicken the Republican county rooster.

IN voting for W. Galer Morrison for Recorder you are aiding a man whose personal character stands above reproach, who is needy of support on account of his bodily infirmity and who has been a life-long Democrat, having always done active service for his party. Besides these points it should be taken into consideration that he is very well fitted for the Recorder office as far as his education and especially his penmanship are concerned.

GET out the full Democratic vote next Tuesday, and we will win not only on the county ticket but also on the state and judiciary tickets. Vote the state ticket with Bernard J. McGrann's name on for state treasurer; then the judiciary ticket with J Ross Thompson's name for supreme judge and John Grove, for associate judge; finally the county ticket with John Noll, for sheriff, James Kimport, for treasurer, John A. Rupp, for Register, W. Galer Morrison, for Recorder, A. J. Griest and M. S. Fiedler, for commissioners,and W. A. Krise and H. A. McKee, for auditors.

WORKINGMEN should not forget next Tuesday that a judge who is a corporation tool is not the kind of man wanted on the Supreme court bench. Just such a man is Judge Williams, the republican candidate for Supreme Judge. He is the man who drew up and put through the legislature the ten day act, under which tenants of the Fall Brook Coal company could be removed from their homes at ten days notice, instead of ninety days notice as the law formerly provided. He plainly showed thereby that he was not a friend of the laborer and the best way to avenge a spirit of that kind is to defeat him at the polls and vote for J. Ross Thompson, whose record is clear and who is not in cahoot with the corporations.

WHEN casting your vote for county commissioners bear in mind that Centre county is out of debt, and has money in the treasury and that this favorable state of finances is due in a large measure to A. J. Griest, one of the present board of commissioners, and a candidate for re-election. If you would have low taxes and an economic administration of our county affairs vote for A. J. Griest and M. S. Fiedler, and your expectations will be fully realized in the next three years. In this connection it will be well for Democrats to remember that one of the first attempts at extravagance which was made by our present Republican judge was to have a new Court House built to the tune of about $50,000. Rest assured no such expense will be saddled on the county it Griest and Fiedler the filled commissioner office.

IF ever there was a newspaper that was bitterly criticised and censured by its contemporaries for its silly and unscrupulous attacks upon candidates of the opposing party it is the *Keystone Gazette*. Brethren, deal gently with the *Gazette*. There is an old story about the keeper of a dancing house in the wild West putting up a placard containing the words: "Don't shoot the fiddler, he is doing the best he can." So with the *Gazette*. Fiedler is not to blame; he is doing the best he can.

THE Republican campaign in this county is about on its last legs. Most of the men that are on the Republican ticket have no claim upon the voters of the county, more than that a risky experiment might be made by electing them to office. The Republican bed bug organ in Bellefonte has ceased to attack all of the Democratic ticket,and has for the last four weeks directed its abuses and campaign lies upon Commissioner Griest and John Noll, the candidate for sheriff. The editor of that paper and his ring would be satisfied with having these two men defeated, and why?—because editor Fiedler has a personal axe to grind as far as the sheriff's and commissioners' office is concerned. The truth is that there is not a man on the Democratic ticket who will not, to say the least, compare favorably with his Republican opponent in point of ability, honesty, sobriety and all other qualities that go to make a good man and officer, but the Republicans have made up their minds to concentrate all their efforts on one or two of their candidates, and their only campaign material consists in getting up roorbacks against Democrats. It won't win, and when the votes are counted on next Tuesday they will learn that that kind of fight don't pay

WHAT reason can be given by any of the Republican candidates for county offices why Democrats should vote for them? Have any of them ever been liberal enough to vote for Democrats? And if they did, was it not for a selfish purpose or for the sake of trading? We advise Democrats to sift the matter and see what good can come from giving their support to the Republican party. The party lines have always been drawn sharply by our opponents and there is no plausible cause why the Democrats of this county shall not do the same. Our readers are all aware that there are not enough Republicans in this county to elect their ticket on next Tuesday, but they base their hopes for success of one or more of their candidates on the aid extended by Democratic voters. We hope the Democrats will remember that there never was a ticket nominated by a Democratic county convention that gave more general satisfaction, and there never was less reason for any Democrat to desert the standard bearers of his party and go over to the enemy. The schemes, trades, wire-pulling and campaign lies resorted to by the Republicans with the hope of bringing about the defeat of honest, deserving men should be resented by all Democrats and not a name should be scratched or dropped from the Democratic ticket. Be a Democrat or nothing and vote the straight ticket.

Facts for Farmers and Taxpayers.

It is well known to all the people of the state, and is verified by the monthly publications of the State Treasury, that there is constantly on hand in Harrisburg from $800,000 to $2,000,000 of the people's money, either lying idle in the vaults of the treasury or deposited where it will do the politicians most good. This sum represents the surplus, wrested from the people, the farms, the real estate, the labor and the property of the taxpayers in excess of the necessities of good government, economically administered.

While it is true farm lands and other real estate are subject to no state tax directly, they indirectly carry the burden. And while it is a fact that the corporations of the state chiefly pay the state taxes, it is equally true that these corporations pay nothing of county tax, city tax, road and school tax, which are the most serious items of taxation for the farmer and property owner.

If any one who pays tax on real estate will count up his county tax, city tax, road tax, and school tax, he will soon see that these aggregate far more than the tax on personal property or corporate stock.

To relieve the farmers and real estate owners, as was supposed, an act of the legislature passed last winter provided that certain moneys now pouring into the overflowing State Treasury should be diverted from that place where they are not needed and be left with the counties where they are collected.

For instance, the $50 tax on every hotelkeeper; the taxes on merchants, saloons, bowling alleys and the like make up an enormous sum in the aggregate. These are collected down in the counties; they first go into the county treasurer's hands and from there pass to the State.

By an almost unanimous vote of the legislature a bill providing many tax reforms, including this one, passed House and Senate.

Through the blunder or crime of some one this act, expressing the will of the people of Pennsylvania, was defeated. It never received the signature of the president of the Senate. The trick of a lobby thief, the blunder of some clerk or messenger in the pay of the corporations or some other neglect, defeated the bill; and thus the money that should have gone to the counties and which would have helped to pay their expenses now flows on as before to the State treasury where it is not needed. Were this money left where there is need of it, to pay the expenses of courts, county institutions, roads, bridges, &c., the county tax in every part of the commonwealth could be materially reduced. The counties and cities of Pennsylvania which now mostly carry such heavy loads of taxation could have reduced their rate from ten to thirty per cent.

All the money collected in license taxes on stores, on eating houses, on taverns, on liquor stores, on brewers, on billiard saloons and bowling alleys, on peddlers, &c., goes out of the county into the state treasury where it is not needed.

SUPPOSE IT WERE TO GO UNTO THE COUNTY TREASURY WHERE IT IS NEEDED.

That is the object of the new revenue measures. Let the corporations which pay no local taxes pay their just share unto the State treasury; but let the local licenses go into the county treasuries.

This was the object of the bill which failed to become a law by some "crooked" means. An extra session could have been called to promptly pass it. It is now too late. The harm is done. The counties have lost their money, the peoples' remedy is to rebuke the wrong. Vote out the ring! Vote in good men and true. Put the revenues of the state and the management of its financial affairs into the hands of men of proved integrity, who are above temptation and beyond suspicion.

One way for the tax-payers of Pennsylvania to obtain relief—and the most direct way—is to vote a different kind of men into public office. A model candidate is presented for State Treasurer in the nominee of the Allentown Convention, Bernard J. McGrann, the Lancaster county farmer.

In him the farmers, mechanics, merchants, bankers, professional men and yeomen, of Pennsylvania, have a candidate whom they can consistently support regardless of all partisan ties. Far removed, by character and condition alike, from temptation and from inclination to administer the office with regard to anything but the law of the land and the welfare of the people, his administration of the State Treasury would be a triumph of good government and a lasting honor to the Commonwealth.

Baltimore Democratic.

The city election in Baltimore, Md., Oct. 25, was one of the liveliest political struggles ever held. When the vote was counted it was found that the Democratic majority had been increased. The total vote cast was 65,065, the Democratic candidate for mayor, Lathrope, receiving 34,640, and Barlett, the Republican nominee 30,435, a Democratic gain of 2,000. The council stands 11 Republicans and 19 Democrats.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct 31, 1887.

One of the busiest men in Washington is President Cleveland, who is now absorbed in investigating the reports of government bureau officers and statistical works for the purpose of preparing his annual message to Congress. Most of the large libraries in the Capital have contributed something to the end in view, and I doubt whether even the encyclopedia is an exception.

The President is not the only one preparing for the long session of Congress, now so near at hand, as the Congressmen themselves are arriving in the city every day, so as to have plenty of time to settle themselves down before beginning the long and laborious task of next sessions work, which will probably extend far into the summer. It is likely that the skirmish line of the Presidential contest of 1888 will be fought in the Fiftieth Congress, so it is highly probable that many exciting and sensational scenes will be enacted in the effort to manufacture political capital for use in the pending campaign.

The tariff will be the question of all others that will occupy the attention of that body, while the indisposition of the Treasury surplus will perhaps be considernd a collateral subject.

The Interstate Commerce law will be amended, and in new legislation, efforts will be made for the better protection of railroad passengers from being roasted to death by heating stoves and kerosene lamps. Those who advocate government control of the telegraph expect to move in behalf of their favorite measure. A perfect shower of pension bills may be expected, but I am of the opinion that most of them will gracefully repose on the table until unceremoniously committed to the Congressional or Presidential waste-baskets, for reform and retrenchment will be the watchword with Democrats, while the Republicans will chiefly figure as malecontents and obstructionists.

The Fisheries Commission, of which you have heard so much, has engaged thirty-two rooms at one of the leading hotels and will begin its deliberations the latter part of next week, at which time the arrival of the British Commissioners is expected; there American colleagues are now here in consultation with Secretary Bayard as to their duties and the extent of their authority.

For a long time the Postoffice Department was greatly puzzled at the wholesale reduction in the salaries of those postmasters wohse pay depends upon the amount of postage stamps cancelled by them—a steady decrease being noted in every case where a Democrat has exceeded a Republican. But an investigation shows that the Republican postmasters had been making false returns and charging for stamps sold but not cancelled, while, on the other hand their Democratic successors have kept honest accounts with the government. The result is that the old Republican postmasters have been compelled to refund half a million dollars wrongfully withheld from the United States. "Turn the rascals out."

The third and fourth class postmasters are dissatisfied with their salaries, and purpose holding a national convention in this city in December with the object of calling upon Congress to provide some way for an increase of their compensation.

Miscellaneous News.

A THOUSAND LIVES LOST.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—Advices from Shangai say that the floods created by the overflow of the Yellow river recently caused an immense amount of damage to property and the loss of a thousand lives. The emperor has given 2,000,000 taels for improvements to be made on this river.

Firing Nitro-Glycerine.

NEWPORT, Oct. 28.—Mr. Smolianoff made further experiments in firing nitro-glycerine from guns yesterday. A six-inch gun was used and service charge and powder. Nine shells containing nitro glycerine were fired successfully. Three shells were fired against masonry without the inventor's igniter to prove that the fluid can be fired without its explosion from the discharge of the piece. The distance in this case was forty-eight yards. With the other six shells the inventor's igniter was used and they were fired over the water, exploding in the air at a distance of about one mile and a half. Each shell was completely destroyed. The experiments are made before a board of naval officers all of whom agreed that the invention is of great importance.

The Suit Against Gould and Sage.

NEW YORK, October 29.—Lawyer Delancey, who seeks to bring action against Messrs. Gould and Sage for alleged grand larceny, has written a letter to the District Attorney, demanding a copy of the brief and authorities of the defense, protesting against the permission to Mr. Gould to leave the country and casting upon the District Attorney the responsibility for his return. In closing the lawyer writes: A prima facie case for embezzlement has been presented, and we do not understand that it should be treated differently from similar cases." The District Attorney replied that upon careful consideration of the matter he has grave doubts of the prosecution upon the facts presented, and hence would not arrest or indict Messrs. Gould and Sage, at least until further attention had been given the subject.

AN ANARCHIST PLOT.

Fears of an Attempt to Blow Up the Chicago Jail.

CHICAGO, October 29.—An evening paper says: There is an Anarchistic plot to break or blow up the jail, the police think, but extraordinary precautions are being taken to crush it in its inception. One arrest has already been made and there is likelihood of more arrests being made to night.

The person arrested, a boy, was seen loitering about the jail last Thursday in the company of a man. When the couple found they were being watched they attempted to run away. The boy was captured but the man escaped.

The police on searching the boy discovered several papers giving a description of the jail. The police are now endeavoring to find the man who escaped and are preserving the utmost secrecy in the matter.

A Large Passenger Propeller Wrecked.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 30.—The steamship Superior, arriving here last night brought the first news of the total wreck of a large passenger propeller off Manitowoc, Wis. That the wreck is that of the propeller Vernon, of the Northern Michigan line, is established almost beyond doubt. She was due here yesterday, and from a description of the fragments seen by the crew of the Superior her owners here consider her identity fully established. She has on board a crew of twenty two men and several passengers the number not known, and it is supposed that all hands perished. Captain Moran, of the Superior saw three or four rafts with men clinging to them, and also a small boat containing some women and three men. Although he made an effort to rescue them the high sea prevented the sending of any assistance, the Superior being herself disabled and requiring the crew's best efforts.

A Boy's Singular Death.

HAZLETON, Pa., Oct. 31.—A son of James Sechler, of Hazleton, bit his tongue while falling down stair. He was put up to bed after the hemorrhage had been stopped, and his parents, who had been worn out for want of sleep, owing to sickness in the family retired and slept until midnight. Upon wakening the father went to the boy's bed and found him dead.

A Horse Stays by His Fallen Rider.

HAZLETON, Pa., Oct. 31.—Frank Kemp while out horseback riding was thrown head foremost to the ground by the horse being brought to a sudden stop, and fractured his skull. The horse walked a short distance, then returned, looked at the boy as he lay on the gound in an unconscious condition and quivered until he was removed. Kemp's injuries are fatal.

Fearful Loss of Life by a Mysterious Explosion.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 1—A terrific explosion occurred about half-past two o'clock this morning in the grocery store of Michael Newman, at No. 7 South Fourteenth street. The grocery and two adjoining two-story brick buildings were nearly demolished, and twelve persons, including the wife and five children of Newman and two families living in the adjoining houses were burned in the ruins.

A Telegraph Pole Wrecks a Train.

JOLIET, Ill., Oct. 28.—A telegraph pole laid across the Rock Island railroad between Menooka and Morris this morning about 3 o'clock, wrecked a freight train. Engineer John Mills and Fireman Orff were instantly killed and the head brake-man was fatally injured. The miscreants, doubtless, intended to wreck the Kansas City express due here at 4 20 a. m. The passenger train was fifteen minutes late and the freight pulled out ahead to run to Menooka, striking the obstruction with the result stated.

An Agonizing Death.

MILLERSTOWN, Pa., Nov. 1—Sunday October 23. Charles Clutch left his employer's place to visit his parents, who reside about seven miles from this place. He did not return the following Monday, and after waiting all week Mr. McCullough, his employer, went to his father's to ascertain the cause of his absence. The elder Mr. Clutch stated that his son had not been home, and search was at once instituted for him. His dead body was found on Sunday afternoon pinned to the ground by a limb of a tree that had blown down during the gale that passed over this place that Sunday. His skull was broken at the base of the brain, and his sufferings were terrible, as was shown by his surroundings. The ground was torn up around him, and evidentes of a struggle for life were plainly apparent. Mr. Clutch was about 20 years of age and highly respected. All of the parties are farmers.

SECRETARY WHITNEY SICK.

Compelled to Cease All Work for an Indefinite Period.

WASHINGTON, October 29.—Secretary Whitney is now in New York and will not return to Washington for an indefinite period. Although not suffering from any disease he is forbidden by his physician from undertaking any work.

For the past year the Secretary has had troublesome headaches, which have grown more and more severe and frequent until now he is unable to work. For the past two weeks he has not been able even to read his letters and, although he has accumulated some of the materials, he has written no word of his annual report and there is no prospect that he will be able to prepare one. The physician states that with the necessary rest the Secretary will be perfectly well again and it is probable that he will go to some quiet country place to recuperate.

During his absence Commodore Harmony will act as Secretary, his duties and responsibilities being shared, however, by the Board of Bureau officers recently organized to meet this emergency.

FROM JOY TO GRIEF.

A Young Girl's Sudden Death in a Railroad Car—A Sad Scene.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 28.—A sad event occurred last night on the limited express which arrived here from Cincinnati this morning. Among the passengers who boarded the train last night at Cincinnati was a young girl, aged about nineteen, who was to meet her friends at Xenia, Ohio. The car in which she was seated was filled with ladies, and in a short time they became acquainted and were having a most enjoyable time. Some two hours after the train left Cincinnati the young lady, who was apparently in the best of health, and who had been the centre of a very joyous group, suddenly uttered a sharp cry of pain and fell back in her seat. She died almost instantly. The other passengers were so horrified that several of them fainted. When the train reached Xenia, the father of the dead girl was in waiting for her, and was literally crazed when the intelligence of her sudden death was communicated to him. When the train reached here this morning several of the lady passengers were still suffering from nervous prostration.

THE MASTER WORKMAN.

Powderly Accused of Suspending Assemblies to Carry His Point.

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 30.—The *Union* to day prints an article showing how General Master Workman Powderly managed to retain his position at the head of the knights of labor at the recent convention held in Minneapolis The Powderly faction feared that there would be strong efforts to oust him. All of the local assemblies in this district were suspended some time before the convention for the alleged reason that they were delinquent in paying their dues.

It was well known that District Master Workman Hume, who is opposed to Powderly, would, in the ordinary course of things, be elected representative to the convention. But the suspending scheme prevented his opposition having any effect on the convention. This same scheme was used in other cases, and as little representation as possible was accorded to the opposition to Powderly. The local assemblies have recently been notified with astounding coolness that their suspension was simply a "clerical error." The end of the matter is not yet.

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies—old fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a "Sarsaparilla," "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Sculpine, for the Hair," "Extract," For External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard values of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of Sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed at Public Sale, at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1887,

at 1 ½ o'clock p. m., the following property to wit:

No 1. All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Potter township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at stone thence along land of Wm. A. Beal north 55 degrees,east 104 7 perches to stone, thence along land of Alfred P. Hosterman south 31 degrees east 212 perches to stones thence along land of same north 57 degrees east 53 perches to stone, thence along land of Burkholder heirs south 55½ degrees east 51-1 perches to stone thence along land of Alexander Kerr, south 35 degrees west 66-6 perches to stones, thence along land of Simon Ruble south 75 degrees west 127-6 perches to stone, thence north 52 degrees west 18 7 perches to stone, thence south 46½ degrees east 16-6 perches to stone, thence north 63 degrees west 6 perches to stone,thence along land of ——north 42½ degrees west 69 4 10 perches to stone, thence north 26 degrees west 160 3 perches to stone the place of beginning, containing two hundred and twenty (220) acres and seventeen (17) perches. Thereon erected a good bank barn 48x80 feet, a stone dwelling house 40x45 feet, corn crib, and other outbuildings, also an orchard planted thereon with choice fruit and a good well with never failing water, also a good spring.

No. 2. Also another tract in said township of Potter bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning on point on line of land of Jacob Runkle thence north 19 degrees west 58 perches to post, thence north 34 degrees east 16 4-10 perches to post, thence along land of Alex ander Kerr south 57 degrees east 48 8 perches to post, thence south 75 degrees 24 5 perches to post, thence north 35 degrees east 2 perches to post, thence south 23 degrees east 21 perches to post, thence along land of J. Mitterling, south 36 degrees west 26 5 perches to post, thence north 45 degrees west 15 5 perches to post, thence north 20 degrees west 93 perches to post, thence south 64 degrees west 37 perches to post, the place of beginning containing eighteen (18) acres, more or less. Seized taken into execution and to be sold as the property of John Rishel.

No. 3. All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Gregg township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at stones and thence along lands of R. H. Duncan, south 69 degrees west 30 perches to stones, thence along land of Philip Leitzell south 25 degrees east 32 8 perches to stones, thence along land of the heirs of John Hart-r deceased north 6½ degrees east 68 perches to stones, thence by land of R. H Duncan north 66 degrees west 47 perches to the place of beginning containing ten (10) acres and one hundred and thirty (130) perches of land neat measure. Thereon erected a 2½ story frame dwelling house, a good stable and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Samuel Leitzell.

No. 4 All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Curtin twp., Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: On the north by lands late of N. J. Mitchell now of Burdine and James Butler and John McCloskey on the east by lands of Robt. Mann, now of John Mann, on the south by lands of Anthony Gaitens, now of H. M. Daley and Robt. Mann now of John Mann and on the west by lands late of Nelson Gunsallus now of John H. Orvis containing about two hundred and fifty (250) acres more or less. Thereon erected a log dwelling house, wagon shed and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Hiram Young, Mitchell Young and Harvey Young.

No. 5. All that tract of land situate in Patton township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at stones thence by lands of Isaac Gray north 29 degrees west 270 perches to a hickory thence by lands of Henry Brockerhoff heirs north 38¼ degrees east 47 perches to a black oak, thence along same north 78¼ degrees east 18 perches, thence along land of Agnew Sellers south 29 degrees east 267 perches to a post thence along other lands of the said Davis Sellers south 13 degrees 30 perches to the place of beginning containing one hundred and twelve (112) acres and thirty six (36) perches strict measure. Thereon erected a 2½ story frame dwelling house, work shop, wagon shed and log barn & other outbuildings.

No. 6. Also another tract of land situate in said twp. of Patton, county of Centre and state of Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: On the north by other land of the said Davis Sellers, on the east by land of Agnew Sellers, on the south by lands of Moses Thompson and on the west by lands of Isaac Gray, containing twenty five acres more or less. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Davis Sellers.

No. 7. All that certain lot or parcel of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows viz: Beginning at corner of house of H.Y.Stitzer, thence along high street east to line of lot of George Livingstone deceased, thence along line of said Living-tones lot north to pike alley, thence along said alley to corner of lot of H.Y Stitzer, thence along line of said Stitzer to place of beginning.

No. 8 One other thereof situate in said borough bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at corner of the line of Jacob Lilley, thence along a strip four feet wide bought by H. N. McAlister on Decatur alley in a southern direction 50 feet, thence in an easterly direction 20 feet parallel with the line of Jacob Lilley aforesaid thence in a northerly direction parellel with the line of H. N. McAlister 50 feet to line of said Jacob Lilley, thence along said line 20 feet to beginning, being known as the plot or plan of said borough as lot No. 115 with the appurtenances.

No. 9. Also another lot or piece of ground situate in Boggs township, Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by public road leading from Milesburg to Curtins Works on the north side of Bald Eagle Creek, on the east by lands of Mrs. Margaret Gregg, on the south by the Bald Eagle Creek, and on the west by public road leading from Milesburg to Marsh Creek, containing six acres more or less, and being the same premises which James A. Beaver and Mary A. his wife, by deed dated the 2nd day of June, 1875, and recorded in Deed Book K No. 2, Pages 484, granted and conveyed unto the said has Zimmerman, aforesaid, save and except certain lots owned by J. M. Wagner and Jon. Bullock. Thereon erected a 2½ story frame dwelling house, good wash house, good stable and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John F. Potter.

No. 10. All the right title and interest of defendant being the undivided one half of that certain farm and tract of land situate in Burnside Twp. Beginning at a white oak corner, thence due north 160 perches, thence east 100 perches, thence south 160 perches, thence west 100 perches, containing 100 acres and being the southwest part of tract in the warrantee name of Joseph Forest and known as the "Walls Farm," having thereon erected a small one and a half story log and frame house and log barn and the usual outbuildings.

No 11. Also all the right title and interest of defendant in two lots situate in Moshannon town, Snow Shoe Twp., Beginning at the south west corner of Walnut and Chestnut streets, thence south along Chestnut street 120 feet to corner of lot No. 12, thence west along lot No. 12, 180 feet to an alley, thence north along said alley 120 feet to Walnut street, thence east along Walnut street 180 feet to Chestnut street the place of beginning, being lots Nos 8 and 10 having thereon erected a two story frame building, formerly used as a store building but now occupied as a dwelling house, together with stable and the usual outbuildings, and with the right to connect with pipes conveying water from the spring on the Daniel Bechdol farm to the Hurxthrall dwelling house.

No 12. Also all the right title and interest of defendant being the undivided one half in and to all that certain messuage tenement and lot of ground situate on High street in Bellefonte Borough, bounded on the west by lot of Nancy A. McQuistian's heirs, on the north by same, on the east by the Bald Eagle valley Railroad and on the south by High street, being about 110 feet in front on High street and extending in depth about 240 feet along said railroad, having thereon erected a two story frame plastered dwelling house and shop front on High street, with stable and outbuildings. Also one large frame building 30 x 60 ft, divided into four two story five-room tenement houses fronting on Railroad street, with the usual outbuildings. Also a one story frame building on Railroad street used as a Machine Shop or Boiler Works. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Mary F. Blanchard, Administratrix of Edmund Blanchard, deceased.

No. 13. All the defendant's right, title and interest being the undivided one fiftieth all that certain farm and tract of land situate in Potter Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post corner of lands of William McFarland, thence south 53½ degrees, east 246 perches to post, thence by lands of same south 56½ degrees, west 54 perches to a stone thence by lands of same south 33½ degrees, east 55½ perches to a stone corner of the Henderson Survey, thence by lands of Mrs Nancy Fox, south 56¾ degrees, west 91 perches to a post, thence by lands of Oliver Campbell north 33½ degrees, west 33¾ perches to post, thence by lands of William McFarland, north 56½ degrees, east 84¾ perches to a post, thence by same south 78 degrees, east 41 perches to a post the place of beginning, containing 213 acres and 78 perches, having thereon erected a stone house, 2 bank barns, buggy shed and the usual outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Rebecca Hayes,

No. 14. All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in the valley of Eagleville, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the south by public road, on the north by lands of David Kunes, on the east by lot of Mrs. Jane Heverly and on the west by lot of David S. Smith, containing ¼ of an acre, more or less, thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Lewis Miller.

No. 15. All that certain tract of land situate in Boggs Twp., Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stone corner of land of P. B. Crider and son, thence along road leading to Snow Shoe and land of Wm. Smoyer, north 2½, west 61 4 rods to a post, thence by land of John Curtin and Wm. Marks, south 61½, west 75 rods to stone near an old white oak stump, thence by land of Frank Wallace, south 30¾, east 59 rods to stone, thence along a public road and lands of P. B. Crider and son, north 64, east 76 1 rods to the place of beginning, containing 28 acres, more or less, thereon erected a stable. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. A. Crider.

TERMS—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money be paid in full.

W. MILES WALKER,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 1, 1887.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Mollie Frasher, late of Miles township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL GRAMLEY,
Executor.

42-6t

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre Co., the undersigned, administrators of the estate of Henry Vonada, late of Haines township, deceased, will sell at public sale, on the premises of decedent, one mile northeast of Woodward, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1887,

at half-past 12 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate to wit:

All those certain pieces or tracts of land situate in Haines township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows:

No 1 contains 271 acres and 64 perches and is bounded on the south by lands of Danl. Vonada, Ettinger's estate, tract No. 1 and Adam Weaver, on the east by lands of J. C. Motz and Philip S. Dale, on the north by tract No. 3 and on the west by lards of Geo. and Wm. Vonada and Mrs. Bressler. About 200 acres thereof are cleared and in cultivation, the balance in pine, hemlock, oak and chestnut timber. Thereon erected a SAW MILL, DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN, and all other necessary outbuildings. Spring and well water, as well as two orchards of choice fruit on the premises.

No 2 contains 223 acres and 154 perches and is bounded on the south by tract No 2, on the east by lands of Saml and Benj. Orndorf, on the north by lands of Henry Snyder, John Garey and others, and on the west by lands of Thos. Hosterman, Danl. Miller and others. About 75 acres cleared and cultivated, with a new FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN, and other outbuildings thereon erected. Good spring of water close to the house. A number of fruit trees on the premises. The balance is covered with good timber of nearly all kinds.

TERMS OF SALE:—One third of the purchase money to be paid upon confirmation of sale, one third in one year, with interest, and the interest of the remaining one third to be paid to Mary Vonada, widow of said decedent, annually during her natural life time, and at her death the principal sum or one third to be paid to those legally entitled to receive the same, the deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

F. P. VONADA,
T. E. VONADA,
Administrators.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Samuel Rupp, late of Haines township deceased, will sell at public sale on the premises of decedent, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 26TH, 1887, at one o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate:

That certain tract of land, situate in Haines township, Centre Co., bounded on the west by land of Michael Korman, on the north, east and south by lands late of Daniel Reed, now Jacob Winkelblech and others, containing

SEVENTEEN ACRES, MORE OR LESS.

The one-half of it is in good cultivation, the other half well timbered with pine and hemlock, thereon erected a DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN and all the necessary outbuildings. A spring of water and an orchard of choice fruit on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third of purchase money on confirmation of sale and the residue in two equal annual payments with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

EPHRAIM RUPP,
Administrator

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, W. Miles Walker, High Sheriff of the county of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid that an election will be held in the said county of Centre, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1887,

for the purpose of electing one person for Supreme Judge.

One person for State Treasurer.

One person for Associate Judge.

One person for Treasurer for the county of Centre.

One person for Sheriff for the county of Centre.

One person for Register for the county of Centre.

One person for Recorder for the county of Centre.

Two persons for Commissioners for the county of Centre.

Two persons for Auditors for the county of Centre.

I also make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and Townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines (eastern precinct) at the public school house at Woodward.

For the township of Haines (western precinct) at the public house of B. F. Edmunds, Aaronsburg.

For the township of Gregg (northern precinct) at Murray's school house.

For the township of Gregg (southern precinct) at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher, at Penn Hall.

For the borough of Centre Hall at the public school house in said borough.

For the township of Halfmoon, at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for that purpose on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter (northern precinct) at the public house of D. J. Moyer, in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter (southern precinct) at the hotel at Potter's Mills kept by F. D. Barrin.

For the township of College, in the school house at Lemont.

For the township of Ferguson (old precinct) in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the township of Ferguson (new precinct) at the school house in Balleyville.

For the township of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the West ward of the borough of Bellefonte, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For the South ward of the borough of Bellefonte, at the Court House in Bellefonte,

For the North ward of the borough of Bellefonte, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For the township of Spring, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For the township of Benner, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For the township of Walker, in the school house at Hublersburg.

For the township of Howard, at the school house in said borough.

For the borough of Howard, at the public school house in said borough.

For the township of Rush (northern precinct) in the public school house at Cold Stream.

For the township of Rush (southern precinct) in the public school house in the village of Powelton,

For the township of Snow Shoe (eastern precinct) at the public school house in the village of Snow Shoe.

For the township of Snow Shoe (western precinct) at the public school house in the village of Moshannon.

For the township of Marion, at the house of Joel Kling in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg at the school house in Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs (northern precinct) at public school house, known as Walker school house.

For the township of Boggs (western precinct) at the public school house in Central City.

For the township of Boggs (eastern precinct) at the public school house near Curtin's Works.

For the township of Huston, at the Silver Dale school house.

For the township of Paun, at the public house kept by Joseph Kleckner, at Coburn.

For the borough of Millheim, at the school house opposite the Evangelical Church in said borough.

For the township of Liberty, at the school house in Eagleville.

For the township of Worth, at the school house in Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside, at the house of J. B. Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union, at the new school house in Unionville.

For the First ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at the large public school house.

For the Second ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at the large public school house.

For the third ward of the borough of Philipsburg at the small public school house.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN "That every person excepting the office of justice of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary departments of this State, or

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3RD, 1887.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER.

SALE REGISTER.

☞ *Sales advertised through this office will be inserted under this heading free of charge*

November 8th—Samuel Walker & Jonathan Walker, executors of the estate of Danl. Walker, late of Miles township, dec'd, real estate, consisting of two good farms, a tract of farm land and a tract of timber land.
W. H. Corman, Auct.

November 12th—Miss Susan C. Wise, Aaronsburg, personal property.

November 19th—F. P. Vonada & T. E. Vonada, administrators of the estate of Henry Vonada, dec'd, late of Haines township, real estate, consisting of two tracts of land, with dwelling houses and sawmill erected thereon.

November 19th—U. S. Shafer, executor of the estate of Simon Smull, late of Miles township, dec'd, 3 acres of cultivated land, near Madisonburg. No buildings.

November 26th—Ephraim Rupp, administrator of the estate of Sam'l. Rupp, late of Haines twp., dec'd, tract of land, containing seventeen acres, with a farm house and other buildings thereon erected.

—MILLHEIM—

BARGAIN * STORE.

We wish to quit the mercantile business and therefor offer our stock of General Merchandise

—: AT AND BELOW COST. :—

We have a lot of

Ladies' Dress Goods, Ginghams, Jeans, Woolen and Cotton Flannels, Notions, Linen Towels, Ladies and Children's Hose, Woolen & Cotton Yarn, Shawls, Gent's Underwear, Over Alls, Skirts Glass & Queensware, Drugs, Wooden Ware, Hardware.

☞ We will give special bargains on BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, and BUGGY WHIPS. In fact it will be to your interest to see our goods and prices at our store on Main street, before buying elsewhere. Thanking you for past patronage, we remain Yours truly,

E. C. CAMPBELL & SON.

Local Paragraphs.

—Try us for fine job printing.

—Get out the Democratic vote next Tuesday.

—Mrs. S. D. Musser is reported on the sick list.

—First-class job work done at the JOURNAL office.

—Jack frost is getting in some heavy work these mornings.

—Vote the whole democratic ticket on Tuesday, November 8th.

—The band gave candidate Morrison a serenade last Saturday evening.

—Remember the Democratic meeting at the town hall on Saturday evening.

—A large flock of wild geese flew over this place one morning last week.

—J. W. Snook had new fences constructed along his lots on Centre and Water streets.

—Meeting of the congregational mite society in the Lutheran chapel at this place to-night.

—Last Saturday Elias Luse sold his private residence on Penn street to Dr. Frank, of this place.

—Monday night was very stormy and the thick dust on the streets was driven about in blinding drifts.

—E. W. Mauck is taking advantage of the dry spell and is digging a well on his premises on Penn street.

—D. F. Fortney and C. M. Bower, Esqs., of Bellefonte, were among the callers at this office last week.

—Rev. M. L. Deitzler will have divine services in the Lutheran church at this place next Sunday evening.

—The mercury made a cool drop towards zero last Monday morning. It got there within eighteen degrees.

—The tinroof of Musser & Smith's hardware building on Main street received another coat of paint this week.

FOR SALE.—A house and lot in Aaronsburg, belonging to Miss Susan C. Wise. For terms apply to Frederick Limbert. tf

—From what we can hear all of the Democratic meetings which have been held in this part of the county so far were successes.

—Frank Knarr is making some marked improvements to his residence on Main street, among them a new and modern set of windows.

—Squire Gemmler and C. C. Bruggard, two of Miles township's most substantial citizens, made this office a pop visit on Monday afternoon.

—The hunting fever is now prevalent and some get it very bad. There is one thing, however, that most of them don't get—the game. Who is to blame?

—Among the new comers to town is Mrs. Hoy, the widow of Charles Hoy, deceased. The lady makes her home with Wm. Weiser's, on Main street.

—The sale of the real estate of Samuel Rupp, late of Haines township, deceased, will occur on the 26th inst., instead of the 19th, as previously announced.

—J. L. Spangler, Esq., of Bellefonte, and John Noll and W. G. Morrison, democratic candidates for the offices of sheriff and recorder, tarried in town a few days.

—The executor's notice of Samuel Gramley for the estate of Mollie Frasher, late of Miles township, appears among the legal advertisements in this week's issue.

—Don't miss the meeting in the town hall of this place next Saturday evening. Such eminent speakers as Hons. A. G. Curtin and J. H. Orvis are always worth hearing.

—C. A. Sturgis, of Lewisburg, came to town on Monday morning and he had his gun along. He took to the woods and succeded in shooting several pheasants. Lucky huntsman, Charley is.

—Election next Tuesday.

—Get out the Democratic vote.

—Fresh Oysters at Stover's grocery.

—Vote the straight Democratic ticket.

—All the best kinds of Cough Syrups at J. W. Stover's.

—Democrats, don't stay at home, don't scratch, don't trade.

—J. W. Lose and B. F. Royer, two of our skilled painters, are working at Em'l Kerstetter's new house near Coburn this week.

FOR SALE.—The property of John Swartz, Sr., late of Millheim, deceased, situate on North street, is offered for sale. Apply to or address
G. W. SWARTZ, Executor,
Lewistown, Pa.

—The large fly wheel in the Howard Rolling Mill burst last Friday and the pieces of it penetrated the roof of the building. Operations in the mill will consequently be interrupted for several weeks.

—The condition of Mr. Ruhl, the father of Mrs. A. J. Harter, of Penn street, who had been so seriously ill of typhoid fever, is changed for the better and the patient is on a fair road to recovery.

—Mrs. Caleb Diehl, who with her husband had been residing in Colorado has come back to stay and will be followed in a few weeks by Mr. Diehl. She is at present the guest of her sister, Mrs. Saml. Weiser, on Main street.

—Ephraim Rupp, administrator of the estate of Samuel Rupp, late of Haines township, dec'd, advertises said estate at public sale, to take place on Saturday, November 19th, inst., at one o'clock. See notice on second page.

—A genuine bear made his appearance on the streets of Milesburg one day last week and the promenaders were scattered to the four winds at sight of Mr. Bruin. He left the town as quietly as he had entered and before anybody could catch him.

—No providential interference Hon. A. J. Curtin will positively be at Millheim next Saturday evening, when the old war governor will address our people on the issues of the campaign. He will be accompanied by Hon. J. H. Orvis. Turn out and hear them.

DRY ALL AROUND.—The water famine in this place is growing worse. There are scarcely a half dozen wells that are not dry while the creeks are very low. Add to this the unlicensed hotels and it must be granted that Millheim surely has a dry spell of it.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TINTYPES.—The undersigned wishes to give notice that he is still carrying on the picture business in Bell's gallery on North Street, and he guarantees first-class work throughout. The public are cordially invited to give me a call.
42-2t W. H. FISHER.

—At the public sale of the real estate of Henry Vonada, late of Haines township, but one of the three tracts of land advertised was sold, and the sale of the remaining two tracts will take place on the premises, Saturday, Nov. 19th, 1887, at one o'clock, p. m. See bills and sale notice for further particulars.

—Gettig & Kreamer, proprietors of the Millheim meat market, continue to do the boss business. They supply the people with the best roasts, steaks and boiling pieces, in any quantity and shape, and their shop is open at almost all hours. If you need good meat you cannot go wrong in calling on them.

NOTICE.—Having purchased the "Grenoble Grain Depot" at Coburn and bought Bartges & Son's stock of coal and grain, I expect to carry on business and pay the highest market prices for grain and keep on hand all kinds of coal. Would respectfully ask a share of the public's patronage.
41 3t M. J. DECKER.

—The Union Coal company at Shamokin has issued orders to its mine foreman to remove all persons working in the mines who are unable to speak and understand English language. Through the inability of men to understand English orders are frequently misunderstood, causing serious accidents and endangering the lives of all.

VISITORS OF WEIGHT.—The combined weight of the two gentlemen who favored the JOURNAL with a call on last Friday, and whose portly figures presented a striking contrast to our slender proportions, amounts to 500 pounds. The parties we refer to were Dr. Lee, of Madisonburg, and C. M. Bower, Esq., of Bellefonte. Call again, always glad to see big men.

—A thief sneaked into the house of editor Fosnot at Watsontown the other night and carried off his boy's toy bank containing ten dollars and his wife's satchel with four dollars.—*Sunbury Democrat.*

Served him right; an editor has no business to have money lying around in that kind of a style. Catch us doing a thing like that!

—"Young America" observed Hallow E'en by scattering a liberal lot of corn and performing many a sly trick in this place last Monday night. Two fantastically dressed fellows drove through the streets, on a buckboard and with bells on their horse. Their appearance was considered by the boys as the signal for a general racket and they had it in the fullest sense of the word.

—Robert Wylie, a tailor by trade, left his home at Lewisburg the other day for parts unknown. He started off with $100 of his employer's money, several suits of clothing and a jug full of whiskey. The *News* of that place says he leaves a family behind, who are glad to be rid of him. And we presume Lewisburg will not shed many tears over the loss of such a *useful* citizen.

NATIONAL HOTEL FOR RENT.—The undersigned wishes to give notice that her hotel property on Main street, Millheim, going under the name of National Hotel, will be for rent from April 1st, 1888. This popular stand is in the very best condition, has a central location, and the buildings afford all the modern accommodations. Can be rented on easy terms. For further particulars apply to or address,
40-4t MRS. SUSAN KREAMER.

—The mountains near Madisonburg are burning.

—Overcoats, for men, boys and youths at Kauffman's store.

A Novelty—The Ladies' Knotted Jerseys at Kauffman's store.

—Fine Fruits, Confectionery, Oranges and Lemons, always new and fresh, at J. W. Stoyer's.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Millheim B. & L. Association will be on next Monday evening.

—Mr. Brooks, the *Daily News* collector and solicitor, of Bellefonte paid us a pleasant pop visit yesterday forenoon.

UNDER THE HAMMER.—In this week's issue Sheriff Walker publishes a long list of sheriff's sales for the November term of court.

—Governor Beaver expects to be at Philadelphia this week to assist in the canvass of Boss Leeds for sheriff. "Birds of a feather, &c."

—Aaron Williams, Esq., of Bellefonte, chairman of the Democratic county committee for 1888, was seen in town yesterday afternoon.

—Mr Jos. Eckly, of near Bellefonte, the father-in-law of Mrs. Christian Eckley, *nee* Kate Ulrich, from this place died very suddenly on Monday morning

—Keep a sharp eye on the *mixed tickets* next Tuesday. Democrats examine your ballots closely before you vote, lest you are voting for the wrong man. *Vote Democratic.*

—President Cleveland has issued his proclamation, fixing upon Thursday, November 24th as a day for general thanksgiving. So while you get away with your fat turkeys, don't forget about thanksgiving.

CLOSING OUT.—Mr. Adolph Miller, manufacturer of cigars, Main street, Millheim, has concluded to quit the business and is selling out his stock of cigars on hand. His place of business, which is centrally located, is now for rent.

—Miss Susan C. Wise, of Aaronsburg, who had been on a visit to friends in Lemont for a few weeks, returned home on Tuesday, and stopped at this office to have us announce that she will make sale of her personal effects, on Saturday, Nov. 12th.

—On Tuesday forenoon the woods of merchant J. W. Snook, situate a short distance east of Millheim were discovered to be on fire, and burned all that day and the greater part of the night. Most of the valuable timber had been taken off the tract and the fire principally fed on underbrush: but a lot of cordwood, and some fences were destroyed by the flames.

—A team of horses belonging to Mr. Henry Fiedler, of Madisonburg, which was left standing at the hardware store without being tied ran away on Tuesday afternoon while the driver attended to some business in Snook's store. The horses were hitched to a farm wagon and went through the Gap at a lively rate, apparently bound for home. We have not heard whether any damage resulted from the runaway.

—When a lot of ladies have a party from which men are excluded they call it a "hen party" and it naturally follows that when a lot of young men hold high carnival, then it should be termed a "rooster party." Such a gathering was held last Saturday night at Springer's barber shop. Oysters, stewed, boiled, fried and raw, were dished up in the highest style of art. The boys pronounce it one of the jolly events, but for heaven's sake keep "mum."

OUR LADY FRIENDS will be interested in knowing that by sending 20c. to pay postage, and 15 top covers of Warner's Safe Yeast (showing that they have used at least 15 packages) to H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., they can get a 500 page, finely illustrated COOK BOOK, *free*. Such a book, bound in cloth, could not be bought for less than a dollar. It is a wonderful good chance to get a fine book for the mere postage and the ladies should act promptly. *

—Our townsman Daniel Hoy, and others, contemplate starting a creamery in this place and have the skating rink building on Penn street in view as a suitable place to carry on said enterprise. We hope the project will assume a tangible form before very long. There is no better territory to be found anywhere for an undertaking of the kind and we are sure the gentlemen concerned will receive the hearty encouragement of our people. Such industries are just what Millheim needs to give the town a boom in business. Let us have the creamery.

—In last week's issue mention was made of several cases of diphtheria which treatened to become epidemic. This week it becomes our pleasant duty to announce that the disease appeared only in a slight form and that at this writing (Tuesday noon) all danger of the disease spreading is past. Those who had been afflicted are all well again and the general health of town seems restored to its former status. Nevertheless parents should bear in mind that by keeping their children in the house on cold, blustering days, or by dressing them warm when they do go out, they will stand a better chance to escape such dangerous diseases.

—People residing in the western division of Main street were rudely aroused from their slumbers on last Saturday night, or rather in the wee hours of Sunday morning by a crash that very much resembled a miniature earthquake. One of our reporters who must have been out on a lark that night happened to be in the neighborhood and he locate the mysterious noise somewhere about the front door of E. J. Brumgard's residence, but was too badly scared himself to stay and investigate. An empty bucket and a lot of tin cans which were scattered around on the street in that vicinity next day indicated the nature of the fuss, but nobody seems able or willing to furnish particulars. *Del Lied wissa ebbas dafun.*

—D. S. Kauffman keeps a fine stock of Carpets. Go and examine.

—The Ladies' Cloths are going and D. S Kauffman's fancy patterns take the lead.

—If you want a good Watch, a cheap Watch, in fact any kind of a Watch, be sure to call at J. W. Stover's and get a bargain.

—On account of the long list of Sheriff's sales we are obliged to crowd out several advertisements, which will appear next week.

—Mr. Shem Spigelmyer, Sr., of the firm of Gheen & Spigelmyer, in this place had a severe time for the past week, his face being covered with erysipelas. He is getting better.

—Mr. Newton Brumgart, of Rebersburg, deserves to be classed with the most successful stock raisers in the county. He owns a percheron colt, two and a half years old, which weighs 1340 pounds. For fine horses Miles township is in the lead by many odds.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.—The third Quarterly Conference of Centre circuit will be held Friday, Nov. 11th, at 2 o'clock, p. m., in the Evangelical church at Millheim. The quarterly meeting will be held at Coburn. Preaching on Saturday and Sunday evening by Rev. S. Aurand, of New Berlin, Pa. Communion services on Sunday morning.

FIRE.—An alarm of fire was given yesterday morning about 7 o'clock. The summer kitchen of Michael Ulrich's residence on Main street had caught fire from the hot stovepipe on the garret. The flames were just striking through the roof near the chimney, when the fire boys arrived on the scene and checked the progress of the fire, thus preventing a serious conflagration.

—Mrs. Jane Rowe, and daughter Annie, of Harbor Mills, Lycoming county, arrived in town on Friday evening and during her stay of several days was the guest of R. B. Hartman's. The lady had come to see her old native town and friends of her youth. Her maiden name was Reel, and she resided in the house now owned by Adolph Miller, about 37 years ago.

FOREST FIRES.—The mountains north of town are on fire and the fierce element takes in a radius of many miles, endangering some of the mountain houses. Some valuable timberland belonging to our townsman, J. C. Smith, as well as some tracts of Charles Frankenberger, John Smith and others of Penn township, have already been greatly damaged. At the hour of 9 p. m. last night, the fire was still raging and a large number of men are fighting the stubborn flames.

—Not to be beat—the immense stock of clothing at D. S. Kauffman's.

CHURCH NOTICE.—The next regular assembly of the General Council of the Aaronsburg Lutheran charge will be on next Saturday afternoon and evening, at Aaronsburg. The committee on programme has arranged the following:

Afternoon Session: Opening services, at 2 p. m.; Business of the council, 2.15—3 30 p. m.; Discussion, "The faithful performance of council duties, its influence upon the religious life of the congregation," H. E. Duck. Adjourn 4 p. m.

Evening Session: Religious exercises, 6.30 p. m.; Unfinished business of the council, if any, 6.45 p. m.; Discussion at 7 p. m. Subject, "Present evils threatening the scanctity of Christian Homes and the paramount duty of Christians with regard to them," J. H. Musser. Discussion at 8 p. m. Question, "Is it to the best interest of our congregations to elect new councils every two years?" Wilson Haines.

A full attendanee of the members of the council is requested and the members of the congregation as well as the community in general are cordially invited to be present. COMMITTEE.

—The ladies are overjoyed at those lovely coats in Kauffman's store and the result is that they all buy.

SCHOOL REPORTS.—Report of Millheim Grammar School for the month ending Oct. 28th, 1887, F. A. Foreman, teacher: No. in attendance males 15, females 32, total 47; per cent of attendance 81. The following are the names of pupils who have not missed a day since school opened: Harry Frank, Lydia Alexander, Jennie Reifsnyder, Maggie Snook and Stella Zerby.

Report of the North Street School for the month ending Oct. 28th, 1887, M. C. Gephart, teacher: No. in attendance, males 25, females 30, total 55; average attendance males 17, famales 21, total 38; per cent of attendance, males 73, females 79, total 76. Visitors, Prof. D. M. Wolfe, Supt., H. Mooney, C. Miller, Adolph Miller.

Report of Primary School for the month ending Oct. 28th, 1887, Lide McElroy, teacher: No. in attendance, males 28 Females 31, total 59; Per cent of attendance 78. The following are the names of pupils who have not missed a day, Lula Snook, Loyd Kerstetter, John Albright, Thos. Frank and James Catherman.

—Boots, all sizes, the best for the least money at Kauffman's.

HALL'S

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incureble. For a great many years Doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounged it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure now on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
☞ Sold by Druggists, 75 cts.

CATARRH CURE.

—Haps and Blankets are in season and D. S. Kauffman's is the place to get them.

Local Correspondence.

SMITH TOWN.

The corn in this section is all husked and housed. The farmers are now working out their winter wood.

Last week John Keen's residence was a regular hospital. Mrs. Keen and one of the girls were laid up with quinsy and Dubbs, the baby, has the whooping cough. All are getting better.

Kate Nerhud also suffers with quinsy.

Miss Cora Kimport and a Miss Shirk, from the Loop, were visiting at John Kimports.

Lawyer D. F. Fortney, of Bellefonte, always a welcome visitor in this part of the county, was the guest of W. F. Smith over Sunday.

John Keen is hauling the necessary shingles for a new roof on his house.

The water is getting very scarce and most of our farmers are obliged to take their stock to the public watering place in the centre of Smith Town.

The new public road beginning at this place is now open for travel. But one of the land owners along the road refuses to move his fence back on the line. We don't see why one man should have more privilege than another. His word seems to be law. Is Penn township going to "Knuckle under?"

At this writing nearly the whole mountain north of this place is on fire. A large portion of J. B. Smith's fences were burned. Quite a number of men are at work day and night to get the fire under control. JUMBO.

COBURN.

W. H. Cassler who is going to Somerset Co., to engage in the lumber business, gave an oyster supper to his hands and a few intimate friends at Kleckner's hotel on Saturday evening last. About 15 men sat at the table and enjoyed a supper such as Mrs. Kleckner has the reputation of setting before her people.

Andy Campbell spent Saturday and Sunday last in Nittany Valley visiting. F. O. Cassler had charge of the grain house during his absence.

Several of our citizens spent a pleasant evening at the house of David Billmyer, at Fowler, on Wednesday evening last, a birthday party having been arranged for on the anniversary of David's birthday.

Mrs. C. J. Diehl, of Montrose, Col., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Cantner, on Railroad street.

Fred Gray and wife, of Rising Springs, spent Sunday last in the village, the guests of John Weibley and wife.

S. W. Strunk, of Mifflinburg, was here one day last week and contracted with the Luth. building committee for roofing their new church with the best Slatington slate. From the looks now, when completed, the church will make as neat an appearance as any in this section. The committee we understand are doing all in their power to have the chapel part completed this fall and the roof will be put on as soon as the bricklayers finish. They have so far met with grand success in raising money for the completion but more aid will be needed and should be given, as it is a grand and noble work and will repay itself four-fold.

Wm. Eisenhuth lost a horse by drowning in the creek the other day.

The railroad masons are at work on the first bridge east of Coburn, putting in new abutments to strengthen the bridge.

David Brenshoff, of Mifflinburg, was badly injured at Paddy Mountain on Tuesday afternoon by being thrown from the truck on the tramroad.

The meeting on Tuesday evening was a success. The speakers, Fortney & Bower, declared the solid truth and all that remains now is for the party to stand by the whole ticket and show that the candidates are men worthy of the party support. VALE.

AARONSBURG.

W. H. Philips has gone to Philadelphia to purchase his fall and winter stock of goods

Charles Yarger and wife, of Wyandotte, Kans., are here visiting the gentleman's parents, Mr. John Yarger's.

Miss Carolina Wise sold her house and lot to Mr. Israel Weaver for $450.

A party of four from our town are taking a week's deer hunt in the mountains south of town.

Frank Weiser built an addition to his blacksmith shop. Frank is getting up over on Lime Kiln hill.

Messrs. J. H. Musser and W. H. Stover are taking the water into their yards from the main route of North 2nd St.

Geo. M. Rupp, H. H. Weaver and Jacob Dunkle attended the reunion of the 148th, P. V. at Bellefonte last week.

The air appeared to be full of wild geese on last Friday morning. Straw fires were built in different parts of town in the early morning to bring the birds down within gun shot range, but none of the feathery tribe were captured.

Mrs. Albert Stambach and daughter, Eva, returned to their home, Lock Haven, Pa., on last Tuesday morning. ANOTHER.

GREENBRIAR.

Harry Weight who had been attending school in Sugar Valley came home to attend the mountain school.

Miss Hettie Daub spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Ertel.

Miss Annie Vonada, from Clintonville, is visiting friends in this neck o' woods.

The class of pupils in the Liberty singing school is on the decrease. What can be the matter? The instructions are certainly good. Keep it up by all means.

Our overseers of the poor furnish the township charges with cord wood but the poor women are compelled to chop it themselves. Might this not have a tendency to increase the number of charges?

Jacob Sanders had a valuable dog killed by the evening train last week. We have not heard whether Mr. Sanders intends claiming damages.

Danl. Gentzel also lost a very fine dog the other day.

Quite a number of wild ducks were on our dam the past week, but as there were about as many sportsmen as ducks, the birds were soon killed.

C. K. Sober, the crack shot, reports having killed 40 ducks near the red mill in the Loop last Saturday.

Dr. Fisher and Mr. Jordan, from Boalsburg, were here last week selling medicine. The doctor had been an invalid from paralysis and rheumatism for several years and claims to have discovered an unfailing remedy for both these ills.

Daniel Gentzel, as usual, is ahead. He killed five hogs and a beef on last Monday.

Simon Rhoads received his new gun last Saturday. Now venison will be cheap, as Simon is sure to hit what he aims at.

Mrs. Annie Krape is the owner of quite an antiquity in the shape of a meat stand which was made far her grandparents by a Mr. Bressler about 100 years ago. The stand is in first-class condition and is good for another century.

At last the hunters succeeded in killing a tiny little fawn. It took exactly a week to get it and then it was found to be blind in one eye. The party reported deer plenty but complained of having too many bungling shots along, as there were twelve of the fleet-footed creatures missed.
YOUNG HICKORY.

SPRING MILLS.

John Weirick, our former townsman, but now a resident of Mifflinburg, spent a few days in our town among his friends.

Daniel Runkle is visiting his son at Middleburg, Pa.

The Hallowevers enjoyed themselves very much on Monday evening throwing corn and beans at the windows and doors throughout our town. No mischief was done that we heard of as is usually the case on such occasions.

Mrs. Frank, of Philadelphia, who seems to think that she has an old title to some land in this neighborhood, is here looking after some lines which she has thus far failed to establish.

It is rumored that the old M. E. church has been sold at private sale to a party from the east, who expect to convert the same into a factory for the purpose of manufacturing musical instruments.

Wm. M. Allison has gone west on business and expects to be absent for a short time.

E. C. Krumrine, Esq., of Lewisburg, is spending a few days with his father at this place this week. He is an implement dealer in Lewisburg. *

REBERSBURG.

A few hundred wild geese were seen passing over this valley this week.

Kate Smull, from Rockville, is on the sick list at present.

George Weaver, of this place, sold his gray team of horses last week.

William Kreamer sold a valuable black horse on last Monday.

J. W. Lose, of Millheim, has the contract for painting the outside as well as the interior of the new parsonage in this place. Under his brush the building is beginning to present a fine appearance.

Rev. Lenhart, the Lutheran minister, is very low and it is feared will be unable to move into the new parsonage.

The candidates were around visiting their friends these last few days.

The turnout at the Democratic meetings at Brumgard's school house and in this place last Monday and Tuesday evening was large and enthusiastic.

Otilla Heiser from East Germantown, Indiana, is here visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. H. W. Kreamer, of Centre Hall, was in town to see his friends.

Snyder Miller, our, barber seems always crowded with customers Snyder is a tip-top fellow and a first class barber, and constantly keeps a large stock of good candy and cigars.

Frances Waliza, who had been residing in this valley during the past summer, went home to visit her parents.

The cold weather had a good effect on the hog cholera. NANOD.

MADISONBURG.

Last Friday evening a political meeting was held in the town hall which was largely attended by the citizens of Brushvalley, and if the Democrats turn out as well on the 8th we will knock "horse jockey" Cook higher than a kite. The Rebersburg band was present and enlived the occasion with some fine music. The meeting was organized by the election of L. B. Stover as president, and Jacob Kern and Jared Hazel, as vice presidents. C. M. Bower, Esq., spoke first on the state ticket, and was followed by J. L. Spangler, who briefly touched upon national and state issues, and then discussed the county campaign in detail, now and then telling a humorous story. Good order was preserved throughout, excepting the mimic rooster. If that "rooster" will do so again we'll expose him.

Mr. Jacob Kern was quite unfortunate last Sunday morning. While opening the windows of the Evangelical church one of the heavy sash fell on his hand, smashing two of his fingers.

Jared Hazel is building a summer house and a wood house.

Michael Miller, west of town sold his farm to Benj. Roush, at $72 per acre.

Simon Beck and Ed. Royer were away on a speculating tour last Friday and Saturday.

Jacob Kern has the carpenters and masons at work on his new shop.

Edward Miller expects to make his home with Daniel Roush this winter and attend school.

Ben. Roush and wife were to Bellefonte on a visit to their son John, beginning of the week.

Harry Kline, the Jew peddler, sold one of his horses to Mr. Spangler, of Sugar Valley. *

POE MILLS.

Treasurer R. D. Kulp, from Shamokin, was here on Tuesday. Darlington was on the high horse—too much Laurelton Royal Gem on the job for the last week.

Capt. Oxy took a trip down the country on Saturday to look after his better half and the Miss Oxy.

Mr. Runk, from Spring Mills, was here on business. He also took a trip from Poe Mills to Junctionville on the P. V. road and took a full view of the White Line. He thinks James Bonawitz understands driving a donkey and so we all think.

Mrs. Lizzie Klinefelter and Ida Bernes are on the sick list.

The young miss who was informed the other day that Lighthouse had arrived at chief-of-police Burd's was badly disappointed when she hurried there to see him to find that it was only a Light House cook stove. Oh golly!

Elliot Hassinger and John Billmyer have charge of John Slifers Johngarians, running timber at Stony Lonesome, south of Valley Falls. These Johngians seem to be a bad set of men to control. They either fight some of our engineers or else with the dogs. "Old Joe," a kind of a railroad dog, was watching the Johngarian's dinner, but about 10 o'clock a craving hunger overtook the beast and he satisfied it by swallowing some of the vitals. The Johngarians considered this a deadly offense and "old Joe" was obliged to board the first train that came along to escape with his life.

Harvey Swartz, our boss teamster, hauled the largest logs that were ever cut in Pine Swamp. J. B. Kitchin, the retired teamster, had left them lay over three months ago. They were a thorn in his eye. No good, J. B.

A big time is expected at camp Kitchin before long. Arrangements will be made by the Swamp poodles to rededicate the camp. As Kitchin has left the boys think it would be proper to give the camp a new name. Chairman Clayton Kulp will notify the citizens of Poe Mills city of a special meeting to be held on the third story of Bachelor's Hall on Gilbert street.

A terrific hail storm passed over Gilbert street about last Wednesday night. It appears the hail made for Bachelor's Hall and it awakened all the inmates and there were a great many complaints on the following morning. But our superintendent don't seem to know anything about it.

The first excursion of the season on the P. V. road left here last Sunday. Thirty passengers boarded the train at this point for Junctionville, where they had a pleasant time. Engineer Bonawitz, conductor John Bernes and baggagemaster William Walter were in their glory. Junctionville is a very healthy place. The only objection the ladies seem to have is the peculiar climate. It is on account of their complexion. They frequently turn black spotted in the face. On the road home conductor John Bernes discovered a dead-head on board. The train was stopped and off went the dead-heading sun bonnet. When the train steamed into Poe Mills a little Jew peddler was struck by one of the donkey's sparks. It gave the poor little fellow a hot streak down his back—he made one big jump, rolled over and cried fire. Donkeys don't seem to like Jew peddlers.
CALIFORNIA JACK.

OBITUARY.

Death has called from our midst, at Poe Mills on Friday morning, Oct. 21st, Lizzie, a daughter of John and Rebecca Slifer, aged three years, 1 month and 4 days. Dear little Lizzie has gone from our side to dwell among the angels on high. God has plucked the bright blossom from a happy home. It is all for a purpose and none of us dare demur. He alone can pour balm upon the crushed hearts of the parents. There is joy in the thought that angel eyes now watch over the one that is gone. How many temptations and sins dear Lizzie escapes by being called in her early days from earth to heaven. While the death of the dear child causes an aching void her parents should remember that it is but for a short time and that the departed daughter and sister watches her loved ones from above. Your loss is her eternal gain. God who called dear Lizzie home to rest thought it best and He will sustain the sorrowing family in their dark hour of affliction.
JENNIE S.

MARRIED.

On the 27th inst. at the residence of the bride's parents at Curtin, by Rev. M. I. Jamison, Mr. Charles B. Rathburn, of Olean, N. Y. and Miss Stella D. Leeler, of Curtin, Curtin Township, Centre Co.

Millheim Market.

Corected weekly by A. J. Campbell, Agt., Coburn, Pa.

GRAIN, &c.

Red Wheat	75
White "	72
Rye	45
Barley, No. 1	45
" No. 2	40
Corn, old	50
Oats, old	30
" new	28
Roller Flour	1.50
Common Flour	1.15
Salt, per barrel	1.40
" " sack	75

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye-weight and price.
Ground Plaster, $9.00 per ton.

COAL.

Nut coal	$5.00
Small stove	5.25
Large "	5.25
Egg coal	5.00
Pea coal	3.25
Soft coal	3.00

(Special prices to lime burners.)

HULLO!

My buttons are fastened on and I'm here again to speak, and would say in the first place—

Be determined to have a good place to buy your Boots and Shoes and stick to it.

—*Go at once to*—

MUSSER'S SHOE STORE

and see what a splendid line of

FINE AND COARSE BOOTS,

a dozen different kinds from $2 *to* $5.

Women's Fine Shoes, *in Kids, French Kids, Donolas, &c., from* $1.25 *to* $4.50.

Everyday Shoes, *there's no end to them. Calf, real Calf, glove grain, oil grain, &c., & c from* $1.25 *to* $2.00.

☞ *You have never bought such shoes at the price we are offering them. In boys and girls—the same.*

GO AND SEE THEM.

Don't miss. I'll be there when you come. You don't get any shoes at cost, but at a mighty low profit, to hold your trade, to make you a customer. We have no low-priced, worthless shoes. It must be to your interest to know this. We guarantee our representations, and don't warrant our shoes, just to sell you a pair. We won't say everything and do nothing, and you wouldn't expect us to.

MAN AT THE TELEPHONE.

MRS. L. C. BRUMGARD'S

FINE DISPLAY OF

FALL -:- AND -:- WINTER -:- MILLINERY

which she is receiving daily from the eastern cities reveals as much

Style, Novelty of Shape and Desirability of Color

as the largest millinery establishment in the big towns. Patrons of fashion pronounce her stock the most attractive ever brought to town. Daily arrivals of the Latest Modes and Shapes in

LADIES' FELT HATS & BONNETS.

Her reasonable prices alone make her New Hats popular.

Choice Feathers, Birds, Quills, Wings, Crowns, Pins, Ornaments

and Buckles for Hat and Bonnet garnishments. Rich, Elegant and Seasonable Trimmings

A SPECIALITY.

MAIN ST., MILLHEIM, PA.

This Fall Weather

people are anxious to get the freshest and best

Groceries and Fruits

in the market. The best place in the valley to buy them is

J. W. STOVER'S

GROCERY STORE, MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

where you will find the most complete line of

SUGARS, COFFEE, TEAS, RICE,

CERALINE, CORN, AND CANNED GOODS, SUCH AS

Apricots, Peaches, Plums, Pears, Tomatoes.

Never follow but always lead with my line of

Tobacco, Cigars and Confectioneries.

Full to ove flowing, my department of

GLASS AND QUEENSWARE.

Last but not least is my assortment of

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

☞ All my goods under this head are guaranteed and I warrant them to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

As I believe in "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS" I ask you in all confidence to visit my store, being certain that it will be to your interest.

☞ Highest Market Prices paid for COUNTRY PRODUCE which is taken n exch ange for goods.

FALL OPENING.

C. G. BRIGHT, Custom Shoemaker.

Ladies' & Gents Repairing

Stitched Work Promptly & Neatly

a specialty. done.

Will be at Musser's Shoe Store, Main street, Millheim, every Saturday afternoon to take orders and measures.

Shop at AARONSBURG, PA.

Miscellaneous News.

Farmers Capturedby Indians.

BLUNT, Dak, Oct. 27.—George Burney, Edward Loomis, William Dehartig, W. Duggins, and F. E, Lump, farmers living near Blunt, having first obtained permission from a deputy United States marshal, went on the Winnebago Indian reservation to catch driftwood from the Missouri river. A band of Indians came up and captured their five teams, fired upon the farmers, caught and beat them, and then bound them hand and foot and took them to Fort Thompson, where they are still in captivity.

ACONFIDENCE GAME.

How a Sharper Worked a Few Cumberland Connty People.

Last week a well appearing man, giving his name as Martin, his residence Harrisburg and his occupation cattle dealer, made his appearance among the farmers in Hempstead township and stated that he wanted to buy a farm. The Mechanicsburg *Journal* says that after looking around and receiving a number of refusals, he finally agreed to buy the farm of William Logan for the sum of $5,000. He than made himself familiar with quite a number of the well-to-do farmers in that neighborhood, won their confidence and then played his game—the chief racket. He made a number of small purchases offering in payment in each case a check for a greater sum of money. The checks were accepted, and the difference handed him, which he pocketed with many thanks. This work he continued until he had secured something like seventy-five dollars in money, when he left the neighborhood, and the inhabitants who treated him so nicely are now bewailing their sad fate.

SHOCKING DEATH.

A Mail Carrier's Horrible Death Struggle With Sharks.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Oct. 27.—James E. Hamilton, the mail carrier between Miami and Lake Worth, on the South Atlantic coast, was devoured by man easters at the Hillsboro Inlet Tuesday. He was a stout, athletic young man and carried the mails between the two places a distance of seventy-five miles, on his back, walking on the beach most of the way. The inlet is a dangerous crossing, the backwaters of the Everglades meeting the tides and producing heavy and dangerous seas. Sharks of the most ravenous kind abound there. An old fisherman who was within half a mile of Hamilton when he began crossing, describes the tragedy as a horrible occurence. When Hamilton reached the middle of the inlet sharks flocked about his boat, leaping ten feet or more out of the water in their eagerness to get at human flesh.

Hamilton fought them with his oars, but soon they were bitten off and dashed out of his hands. Then they assailed the boat, tearing out huge pieces of the gunwale. Soon it began to sink, and Hamilton became stupid with fear. Another blow on the frail boat, and he was thrown headlong into the mass of fierce seawolves. One shriek of agony and all was over. The sea was dyed for yards around with his blood. Searching parties were sent out, but nothing was found. Hamilton's death was such a horrible one that no mail carrier over that route has since been secured.

REPUBLICAN HYPOCRISY.

Rev. J. H. Beale and Dr. H. C. McCook on the Personal Liberty Cry.

The Philadelphia *Times* prints the following expressions of opinion from Rev. J. Hervey Beale, for twenty years pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Kensington, and Dr. H. C. McCook, pastor of the Tabernacle Presbyterian church who is a well-known and ardent republican. Mr. Beale says:

'Perhaps it may be expected by my congregation that every minister will put himself on record in this matter of personal liberty. I don't fear the issue when the matter comes plainly before us, and we are called upon to meet it face to face. I believe in but one flag for our country, for I fought and have no sympathy for a black flag, or a red flag, or any other kind of anarchistic flag. There is but one flag for a united country, and all others must submit to it.

I was very much amused during the past week by receiving three or four papers in which there were editorials in reference to personal liberty and the desecration of the Sabbath, urging all ministers to preach from their pulpits and in their private conversation to arouse the masses against it. When I remember that those very papers, above all others, have been more outspoken and have done more than any others to create this feeling of desecrating our Sabbath and throw open on that day all places of amusement, it is very evident that they have axes to grind, and I shall certainly not turn grindstone for them. I have democrats here in my congregation and I respect them highly; then why should I lend myself to a party and pervert the sacred desk for the purpose of gratifying the whims of partisans? When the election is over and we can meet the issue fairly and squarely upon the desecration of the Sabbath and opening of the saloons then my tongue will be unloosed.'

After the sermon many of the congregation expressed their approval of their pastor's course and congratulated him on the stand he had taken.

When asked if he approved of the religious feature of the campaign he said he did not, and thought it was absolutely disgusting. 'It is especially so,' said he 'when we take into consideration that politicians who are so anxious to save the Sabbath are, and have been the worst desecrators of it. From the leaders down they have mingled Sunday after Sunday with the most debased creatures.'

Dr. McCook says: It has seemed to me that some newspapers of this town have used the Personal Liberty movement as a cry to call out the ministerial influence in behalf of an endangered candidate in the republican party. I deprecate and resent such a policy. It is always a perilous business for any party to seek an unlawful advantage from ministerial influence. That ill policy cost us the last presidency. Our party leaders fished for the parsons and caught a Burchard. It looks to me as though they were in danger of making the same mistake here in this campaign.'

How a Boston Woman Surprised a Visitor and Was Surprised in Turn.

Mrs. Y. is a brilliant Boston woman of abundant executive ability, shrewd wit and delightful hospitality. The exigencies of her husband's business led to the keeping of an establishment in the West, where Mrs. Y. passes some months of the year and where she entertains a great many people. One day there was brought to Mrs. Y. the card of an English gentleman, accompanied by a letter of introduction from friends of the Y's abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest cordially.

'We are so accustomed to travelers here,' she said, 'that we know just what to do with them. We expect everybody to arrive travel-stained and exhausted and we let everybody take a bath the first thing. I spoke to the servant before I came down and everything is all ready.'

'But,' stammered the stranger, 'I cannot think of putting you to so much trouble. I——'

'Oh, I know just how you feel,' interrupted Mrs. Y. 'A bath is the only thing that restores me to my normal condition when I've been traveling, and you have come right through from Boston.'

The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too executive and too truly shoptable to allow his scruples to prevent the carrying out of her kindly intent. The Englishman was shown up-stairs to the bath-room, where it is to be presumed he combined with the progress of his toilet reflections upon the originality and practicability of American hospitality.

In due time the guest descended again to the parlor, where Mrs. Y. awaited him.

'I hope you found everything to your mind,' she said.

'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'I have had a delightful bath; and now I must bid you good afternoon, as I have to catch a train.'

'What!' cried the hostess aghast, 'You are not going?'

'Unfortunately I must. I only stopped over a train to call on you.'

'Mercy!' she exclaimed in dismay. 'I thought you had come to remain. You certainly cannot go away when I haven't seen you at all?'

'I really must,' was the reply, 'but I assure you that I have had a most refreshing bath and I shall always remember with sincere pleasure your unique hospitality.'

The story was too good to keep, and Mrs. Y. told it at her own expense, greatly to the entertainment of her friends, who declared that this fashion of entertaining callers was one which deserved to be widely introduced, as it would solve many a perplexing question of the proper method of disposing of guests who were not easy to amuse.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Game of Progressive Observation

"Progressive Observation" is the name given to a new Boston game that has been taken up with interest in social circles. It has an advantage over "donkey parties," and progressive euchre in that it teaches something useful. The hostess provides five tables, at each of which are seated four or five persons, or even more if desired. Table No. 1, or the "head" table, represents the sense of sight, the highest sense. Table No. 2 is touch, No. 3 hearing, No. 4 smell, and No. 5 taste. There is a teacher for each table, and the teacher is supplied with a variety of objects suited to the use of the table. For instance, the teacher at the sight table holds before each player in turn a collection of small objects on a tray, and after the lapse of half a minute takes away the tray and asks the player to name the articles. Or the teacher gives each person a single article, and after a short inspection calls for answers to all the questions that can be asked about it. Score is kept by the teacher, and the player making the least mistakes progresses to the next table.

At the close of the evening the player who has made the most "progressions" is awarded the prize. The variety of objects for the several tables is only limited by the teacher's ingenuity and the resources of the house. At the "touch" table the players close their eyes and depend on the sense of feeling alone for their impression of the article given them. This is not so easy as it may be supposed. For the "hearing" table a musical instrument may be used and the test given on a note or combination of notes; or a number of thin glasses may be used in a like way, the player being asked to give the number of a particular sound which is given alone after being struck in a regular succession. For the taste and smell tables the kitchen can be drawn upon, and such things as flour, meat, powdered maccaroni, corn starch, granum, and others, whose taste and smell in the raw state are either not very pronounced or not familiar, are good for the purpose.

The game is not so much like "child's play" as may be thought. True, it had its origin in the "plays" of kindergarten, but, as developed and enlarged, the idea proves very well adapted to the entertainment of grown people, who are rational enough to like a little sense with their fun.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

THE MAN COULD SELL GOODS.

The Story Told of a New York Drummer.

A New York merchant tells the story of a green drummer, who went out on the road after the old men of the house had failed to sell a certain line. The merchant said: 'Well, he was back inside of a week, and in that time he sold—I won't venture to say from memory how many cases of goods. But I remember he did surprisingly well. And what made his success the more remarkable, he got his orders in the very towns which my old salesmen that I've mentioned worked to no purpose. Along came Porter's telegrams, 'send two cases here,' 'send two cases there,' 'send six cases yonder,' etc. On his return I invited him to come into my private office, and congratulated him on the work he had done. He seemed gratified at my commendation, but all he said was: 'I thought I could sell some goods for you, Mr. Holbrook.' Then I spoke to him about the largest order he had secured. His eyes lit up as he remarked:

'It was a tough job getting that order. I thought at first I was going to lose it.'

'How so?'

'Well, I went into the man's store and talked to him most of the afternoon, but I couldn't fetch him. He said he liked the goods; he didn't kick at the price, but he wouldn't decide. I went back to my hotel disappointed, but after supper I felt better, and determined I'd go up to his home and make him a social call so that he wouldn't forget me, you see?'

'Yes, I see.'

'Well, in the evening I called round to his house about 8 o'clock. I didn't know him or any of his folks, and naturally felt a little embarrassed.

'Naturally.'

'Yes, but I told him that I disliked hanging around a hotel and took the liberty of calling on him. He answered the door-bell himself and seemed glad to see me. He had four pretty daughters and he introduced me to them and pretty soon me and the girls were singing some popular songs, as nice as you please.'

'I didn't know you sang, Porter.'

'Oh, I sing a little, Mr. Holbrook. I find it helps me in selling goods. Well, after the songs, I sat down at the piano and played the girls a new waltz or two that they hadn't heard, and then I felt that we were real good friends.'

'And so you are a piano-player?'

'Well, I manage to do a few tunes—I find it helps in our business, Mr. Holbrook. The girls' father sat by and seemed to be greatly entertained with the music, and when I got up from the piano he thanked me heartily. 'Don't speak of it,' said I. Then the girls and I got talking about one thing and another and pretty soon I noticed a banjo standing in a corner, decked out with bright ribbons. I asked the girls which one of them played it, and they said they got it for ornament, and that none of them could play on it. So greatly to their delight I got down the banjo and gave them a lesson on it.

'Then the banjo is another of your accomplishments, Porter?'

'I can pick the strings a little, Mr. Holbrook—I find it helps in selling goods. Well, I stayed until 11 o'clock, and when I took my leave the father and all his girls came to the door with me and politely invited me to call again when I came to town. I didn't see their mother. I presume she was dead, but I didn't think it proper to ask. Next day I went into the man's store bright and early. He tried to beg off with taking one case of my goods, but I wouldn't hear of it. 'Take six or nothing, said I; one case will help to sell another.' Finally he gave in and I ran to the telegraph office and sent you his order.'

'Porter,' I remarked, with as grave a face as I could command as he finished his narrative, 'here is one caution that I must give you. Be careful when you are off on the road to refrain from intruding upon another salesman's territory. To do so makes trouble in the store.'

'I'll try and do so, but I suppose you want me to sell all the goods I can, Mr. Holbrook?'

'Oh, yes. Let's see, Porter, what salary are you drawing?'

'Seventy dollars a month, Mr. Holbrook.'

'And you have been with us how long?'

'Two months on Thursday.'

'And you wanted how much when you came?'

'Well, I told you I thought I would be worth $1,500 to you.'

'Very good, $1,500 it is, your salary at that figure dating from the day you began.'

'Thank you very much, Mr. Holbrook—I think I can sell some goods for you.'

Nuns Who Never See a Man.

The Via Merulana Convent, in Rome, will remain in the possession of the nuns until the death of the last of them when the property will go to the city. The sixteen remaining Franciscan nuns, who are called the Sepulte Vive, are still in the old monastery, where they once received a visit from the Princess of Wales. These nuns, some of them ladies of noble families, observe a very strict rule. Once entering the convent they never leave it alive. They never see men, not even the priest who says mass in the chapel. The altar is screened off and they can just see the elevation of the Host. Through a small aperture they receive holy communion. Iron gratings and a linen veil guard the small opening through which they make confessions. They never undress for repose, but spend half the night in prayer, and keep, except in extreme cases of illness, a perpetual abstinence from meat. They make almost everything they use, even to shoes and medicines. If a parent of one of these nuns dies the announcement is not made to the nun herself, but it general terms it is said that one of them has lost by death a father or a mother, as the case may be.—*Boston Herald.*

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At Close Quarters With a Rocky Mountain Lion.

David W. Judd, of the *American Agriculturist*, who makes annual tours through the far western States and Territories, narrates the following in the November number:

One August afternoon we made the ascent of Helen's Mountain, in the range forming the boundary of North Park, Colorado, to catch a view of the superb sweep beyond. It was a long and wearisome climb, but the magnificent views stretching far away in every direction richly repaid us. Far below lay the beautiful Estes Park, and extending far as the eye could reach appeared peak after peak, many of them covered with snow here in July. Nestled beneath us several hundred feet was a miniature lake covered with ice, which did not yield to the stones hurled upon its surface.

After feasting our vision for some hours we began the descent, which was very difficult, inasmuch as falling rain froze as it fell. I took my cartridges from my Winchester, fearing lest I might slip and discharge them. When half way down the mountain, we reached a small plateau in the center of which was a clump of cottonwood trees. Ralph was perhaps three rods ahead, and Foly fifteen paces. I turned from the path to this clump of trees for a moment, thinking perhaps I might start a cinnamon bear, Judge of my dismay when a Rocky Mountain lion suddenly sprang from the thicket, rested upon a broken tree not twenty feet away, and savagely glared upon me, apparently prepared to spring upon the intruder who had entered his lair. It was a most exciting moment. I quickly brought my rifle to the shoulder, and aiming between his eyes, drew the trigger to no effect. Again and again I attempted to discharge the rifle, forgetting in the suspense that the cartridges had been withdrawn. It was indeed a trying ordeal. If I stopped to remove what was an imperfect cartridge and substitute another one, or if I turned and fled, the glaring creature, who looked to me as big as a buffalo, would pounce upon me and tear me to pieces in a jiffy. I did neither, but fortunately had sufficient presence of mind remaining to whistle in a low tone to Foley just ahead. He turned, and taking in the situation at a glance, quick as a lightning flash sent a bullet through the animal's heart. 'You look a little pale, Mr. Judd,' he exclaimed in a half humerous manner, as he quietly came back to me. 'I do not think you could blame anybody for being rather pale under the circumstances!' I responded. It was very fortunate for me that I had no bullet in my rifle; being in such close proximity, I should undoubtedly have shot high above the point aimed at, and barely grazed his skull, when the then wounded and consequently infuriated animal would have jumped and finished me in short order. On inspecting the surroundings we found the remains of an antelope close by, upon which the now dead "enemy" had gorged himself. I am told that when near evening one of these mountain lions delivers its peculiar roar, the antelope for a long distance around are fairly terrorized and flee for miles.

Unlike Mr. Roosevelt, I have never killed Grizzlies at short range, and I do not care ever again to meet a lion under such circumstances. He appeared to be as large as any of the genuine Africans which I have seen in the menageries, and a few days after, at the railway station at Rock Creek, we saw one of these Rocky Mountain lions, which considerably exceeded in size the imported African caged near him. That night around the camp-fire, the reader may be sure we had a very exciting story to narrate to Uncle Pierson and Auditor Weston, who had remained in the valley while we made the ascent.

How Gypsies Fight Duels.

France recently suffered from an epidemic of dueling, an epidemic which, for the moment, seems to have somewhat subsided, but I am of the opinion that, even at its height, the feat of two gypsies the other day at Albunuelas, Spain, cannot be equaled by any experience under the French "code."

It appears that a number of the wandering tribe were enjoying themselves drinking and singing, when a misunderstanding occurred between two of the number who for a long time had not been on good terms. Requesting their companions not to disturb them, they retired to a lonely spot behind a group of isolated buildings and arranged the terms of their singular encounter.

Each being of the opinion that the other was a quite superfluous member of the wandering community, they decided that the quarrel should be definitely settled then and there. To this end they bound themselves together by the feet with a rope, and taking the scissors with which, as professional sheep shearers, they were provided, began the bloody death struggle.

After half an hour their companions, not seeing them return, and anxious to know what they were doing, in spite of their prohibition went in search of them. When they arrived the frenzied combatants were still fighting, but had fallen to the ground and were struggling for the mastery in a pool of their own blood. It was with the greatest difficulty they could be separated, although they were both nearly dead and covered with the most horrible wounds, a description of which I spare your readers. Suffice it to say that they were of such a nature as to render recovery almost impossible, so that instead of their being one Gipsy less upon the earth, as originally proposed, there will probably be two.

—John have you seen that woman ately?

John, in astonishment: What woman?

That woman picking Grapes for Speer's Wine. Just see her in another column and read about it, the wines are found by chemists to be absolutely pure and equal to the best in the World. The Board of Health in Large Cities and leading Hospitals have adopted their use where wines are needed.

The Train Dispatcher.

How few there are who, when riding along in comfort and safety upon one of our railroad lines, who ever think of the officer who is watching the progress of their train, directing its movements from station to station, and side-tracking the numerous other trains upon the road, in order to present a clear track to the one in which you are really intrusted to his vigilance and care. A moment's neglect or thoughtlessness, a moment's doze in his chair, a single glass of liquor to befuddle his brain, and sudden death in its most hideous form may be the lot of those whom it was his duty to watch and protect. There seems to be hardly any other position among all the numerous avocations of a civilized life calling for as great a degree of unrelaxing watchfulness and involving so fearful a responsibility.

Who are those who cannot safely allow his thoughts to wander for a few minutes during the day, and so obtain some little relief from the pressure of business cares? Hardly one except the train dispatcher. For him there must be no relaxation of the mind while he remains on duty. Not a minute of day dreaming; not an instant of forgetfulness. So constant a strain, so great a responsibility cannot fail to wear upon a man's life vigor and make him old before his time.

When we consider the nature of his duties, it must be a matter of surprise that so few accidents occur which can justly be charged upon the train dispatcher. A thousand times a day does he give orders for the safety of the trains under his direction and scarcely once in the generation does the wearied brain for an instant relax its watchfulness. These men, in whose hands our lives have been placed time and again, and who have safely carried us through all the dangers which environed us, are certainly entitled to at least the degree of thankfulness that is implied by an occasional remembrance of their existence.—*Railway Review.*

It Is Well to Remember

That economy is a great avenue.

That not every one who dances is glad.

That it is as natural to die as to be born.

That the road is never long to a friend's house.

That we have all forgotten more than we remember.

That busy lives, like busy waters, are generally pure.

That labor disgraces no man, while man disgraces labor.

That the strongest men are often the most tender-hearted.

That life is too short to be spent in minding other people's business.

That he who buys hath need of a hundred eyes, and he who sells hath enough of one.

That inclinations never want an excuse, and, if one won't do, there are a dozen others ready at hand.—*Good Housekeeping.*

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[New Advertisement.]

Jacob Eisenhuth

mishes to inform the public that, having purchased the machines and tools, together with stock of Stoves, Tin and Holloware, formerly the property of D. I. Brown, and having the services of that gentleman, who is a practical mechanic, is now prepared to fill all orders in this line.

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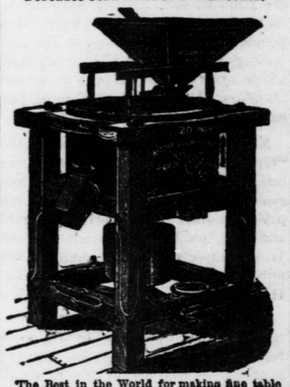

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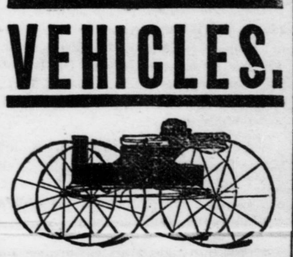

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